Brand pluck'd from the Burning:

Exemplify'd in the Unparallel'd

CASE

OF

Samuel Keimer,

Offer'd to the Peruſal of the Serious Part of Mankind, and eſpecially to thoſe who were ever acquainted with, or ever heard of the *MAN.*

Is not this a Brand pluck'd from the Burning?
What is done in ſecret, ſhall be proclaim'd on the Houſe-Tops.
Better are the Rebukes of a Friend than the Kiſſes of an Enemy.

LONDON: Printed, and ſold by *W. Boreham*, at the Sign of the Angel in *Pater-noſter-row*, and by the other Bookſellers. 1718.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

READER,

THE *World has been of late amus'd and confounded with Schemes concerning the* Kingdom of Chriſt, *I here preſent to thy View a faithful Draught of the* Kingdom of Satan; *a Kingdom where* He *ſits and reigns as ſole King over thoſe who vainly imagine they are obeying the Voice of* Jeſus, *all the while they are Vaſſals, Agents, and Emiſſaries of the Prince of Devils.*

Thou haſt here a faithful Account of the Mercies of God, *to a poor Man, in reſcuing him from the Jaws of the* Pit, *when entic'd thither by the Craft of the* Deceiver.

If thou art a Chriſtian *indeed, thou wilt rejoyce with me, and offer up a Tribute of Praiſe to Him who is the Author of all Good; If thou art otherwiſe, thou may'ſt learn ſomewhat for thy real Advantage, by beholding as in a Glaſs, how far the* Devil *may go in deceiving Mankind.*

The Facts herein contain'd, are what can't but fill every ſober Perſon with Horror, and on the other Hand, may be thought by ſome to be fabulous, the Publiſher *therefore acquaints thee, they are ſuch*

as

as either came within my own Knowledge (and Knowledge admits of no Uncertainty) or were related to me by Persons immediately concern'd therein, who talk'd of 'em, as familiarly as a Man and his Wife talk of their Houshold Affairs. I have been likewise so very cautious of publishing any, tho' the least Falshood, that I have been at vast Trouble to get Confirmation of the several Relations afresh from Persons who were Eye and Ear-Witnesses, of Reputation, lest thro' Mistake of Memory, I might misrepresent any one Action herein contain'd.

Furthermore, When I have inserted any Paragraph that has appear'd on the Perusal of others, not to be exactly related, I have then been at the Expence of reprinting those Pages; for I will not, dare not, cannot publish to the World, knowingly an Untruth.

Whatever may be the Consequence of publishing this Account, I cannot tell: But this I am sure of, the Glory of God and the Good of Mankind were the chiefest Motives to this Publication.

I shall not make any other Apology for this Work, but leave it to thy serious and impartial Consideration, desiring God, the Author of all Good to make it instrumental for the Good of thy Soul. Farewell.

S. K.

Page 3. line 2. for *still alive* read *both lately living*. Page 12. l. 20. for *10th Month* read *11th*. Page 34. l. 12. after *Languages* put a Comma, and blot out the Words *This Man*. P. 58. l. 41. dele *and had the Agitation*. P. 60. in the last Note read *Tallow-Chandlers-Hall*.

A

BRAND

Snatch'd from the

BURNING, &c.

IT is not unknown to many Thouſands in and about this City, that nigh Eleven Years ſince, there arriv'd here ſeveral Perſons from *France*, who call'd themſelves (or were generally call'd by others) by the Name and Title of *French Prophets.*

The Buſineſs they came upon, was (as they declar'd) to promulge *the ſpeedy approaching Judgments of the Lord, upon the Wicked of the Earth*;—— *To call all Mankind to a ſpeedy Repentance*; *for that God was coming to make a Deciſion betwixt the Precious and the Vile, the latter of which, with* Babylon, *was to be totally and finally deſtroy'd, as Forerunners of the Kingdom State of Chriſt on Earth, which was immediately to enſue thereupon*;—— *That the Cup of the Iniquity of the People of this Land*, &c. *was quite full, and therefore the Judgments would be immediately pour'd upon the Rebellious, and all thoſe that did not own and readily ſubmit to that* Appearance, *or* Diſpenſation (as they then call'd it.)

This was the chief Purport of the Pretenſions, as deliver'd by theſe *Prophets*, under very violent and ſtrange Agitations or Shakings of Body, loud and terrifying Hiccups, and Throbs, with many odd and very ſurprizing Poſtures, *&c.* all which,

they gave out, was perform'd by nothing leſs than the Operation of the Holy Ghoſt.

The uncommon Nature of this Affair drew many ſober and truly religious People to enquire into it; not knowing but that God, *whoſe Ways are in the Deep*, might be the Author of it, and might in this latter Day reveal Himſelf in an extraordinary Manner, for ſome extraordinary End.

On the other hand, ſeveral who were curious for ſeeing Novelties, went likewiſe to ſeveral of their Meetings, which were frequently kept near the *Seven Dials*, *Baldwins-Gardens*, &c.

Thoſe who were truly religious, and led by the Spirit of Chriſt, thereby being able to make a true Judgment, by the *Trial of Spirits*, quickly diſcern'd the Fallacy of their Gilded Pretenſions, and accordingly disbeliev'd, diſown'd and oppos'd that Diabolical Spirit which operated upon them.

However, 'twas not long, ere this Spirit of Prophecy had communicated it ſelf to many of the *Engliſh* Nation, by the laying on of Hands of theſe *Prophets*, who became thereby agitated and ſhaken much in the ſame Manner as the *French Prophets* were.

Thus the Infection began to ſpread and operate moſt unaccountably upon the Bodies and Minds of Men, Women and Children, who were generally Perſons that had made a ſerious Profeſſion of Religion, under the various Denominations in this our Land, *viz.* thoſe of *the National*, *Presbyterian*, *Independent* and *Baptiſt* Perſwaſion; but being ignorant of the true Life and Power of Religion, (tho' ſomewhat ſenſible of the dead lifeleſs Forms, with which the greateſt Part of Profeſſors contented themſelves) were unhappily drawn into this moſt wretched and pernicious Deluſion of Satan; a Deluſion! ſuch as ſcarce ever has been the like, ſince the World began; ſuch a one! as may be juſtly rank'd with thoſe whom the Apoſtle diſtinguiſhes by the Name of *STRONG Deluſions*.

Amongſt the many who went with a Deſign to be inform'd in this Matter, which now began to make a great Noiſe, and was become in a Senſe, the general Subject of Preſs and Pulpit, was the unhappy Author of the Enſuing Relation.

And here, before I proceed any further in my Account of this *Myſtery of Iniquity*, 'tis neceſſary to inform my Chriſtian Reader of ſome Paſſages of my Life, which will ſerve for the better and clearer Illuſtration of ſome Matters hereafter contained.

Know,

Know, Reader, I was born of ſober and honeſt Parents of Repute, both ſtill alive, and dwelling in the Pariſh of *Thomas's Southwark*, haivng Inhabited there almoſt 40 Years. My Mother was a Woman who made a ſtrict Profeſſion of Religion, and attended upon the Preaching of *Nathaniel Vincent*, a Man, formerly not a little known amongſt thoſe who were call'd *Presbyterians*. She having but one Child beſides me, (but what dy'd in their Infancy) *viz.* a Daughter ſome Years younger than my ſelf, took a particular Care in our Education, and according to the beſt of her Knowledge, to inſtruct us in the Ways of God, having a ſtrict Watch over us, in our younger Years, that we might not offend God in the Way commonly practis'd by many other Children, *viz. the taking God's Holy Name in vain,— Telling a Lie,— Uſing any wicked Words,— Snatching or catching the leaſt Thing from any other Children*; inſtilling to the utmoſt of her Power, ſuch Principles of exact Juſtice, that have been inſeparable from, and moſt cloſely connected to the ſeveral innate Faculties of my Soul ever ſince.

Nor was ſhe leſs diligent in her Care for our Reading the Scriptures, ſometimes encouraging me with ſome little pecuniary Reward; ſo that by the help of a good Memory, which I then had, I could with Eaſe turn to the Chapter, if not Verſe, of almoſt any Paſſage of Scripture when mentioned.

All theſe, I acknowledge were very great Mercies, and were a Means by the ſecret Influence of the Spirit of God, (as I now believe it to be, tho' then I was ignorant what to attribute it to, whether to natural Conſcience, or the Terrors of the *Law* thoſe Terms being the *Shibboleth* of the Teachers I generally attended upon for Inſtruction by their Preaching) began to raiſe in me a very awful Senſe of a Divine Being.

One Paſſage I ſhall here relate, that being very young, on one Firſt-Day Evening, (commonly call'd Sabbath-Day or Sunday) after Supper complaining that I had eat too much for Supper, my Mother bid me turn to the Story of the rich Glutton, as related by the Evangeliſt *Luke*, and making Application of it to my Caſe, it ſo much affected me, that I wept with Bitterneſs of Spirit.

As I grew up, my Impreſſions of Divine Things, at ſeveral Times, grew ſomewhat ſtronger, and I had fervent Deſires of being a Chriſtian, and going to Heaven when I dy'd (as I then us'd to term it,) and accordingly did delight to attend upon the moſt awakening Preachers of the Presbyterian Perſwaſion, *viz.*

Samuel Pomfret, *John Reynolds*, &c. under whoſe Preaching I was at Times ſomewhat affected.

And here I muſt take notice, that altho' I receiv'd the Mercies above-mentioned by the Means of a religious Education, yet was I not without being tinctur'd with the Leaven of Prejudice againſt thoſe who differ'd from my Opinion, (who as yet knew but very little) ſuch as thoſe of the *Baptiſt Perſwaſion*, and eſpecially againſt the *Quakers*; believing the former did exclude their Children from the Covenant, and that the latter were no Chriſtians, becauſe of their Denial of the two great Ordinances, *viz. Water-Baptiſm* and receiving the *Bread* and *Wine*, and for the Omiſſion of which, I concluded they would all to a Man, be unavoidably everlaſtingly damn'd.

I remember my Parents had a Neighbour, who made Profeſſion of the Religion of the People call'd *Quakers*, a Woman of very circumſpect Behaviour, and who us'd to be at my Father's ſometimes: Obſerving her innocent Deportment, I was ſecretly troubled, that a Woman of ſuch excellent Qualifications as I ſaw in her, ſhould everlaſtingly periſh for want of ſubmitting to the Ordinances before-mention'd. Such was my prodigious Ignorance!

It pleas'd the Divine Diſpoſer of all Things, I became an Apprentice to *Robert Tookey* Printer, in *Chriſtopher's* Court, in *Thread needle-ſtreet*, a very ſober religious Man, of the *Baptiſt* Perſwaſion, (and not a Diſhonour to it,) a Man endued with many excellent Vertues, and well belov'd by all that know him.

Here it was I had an Opportunity of being better inform'd in my ſeveral Notions of religious Matters; and took particular Delight in ſearching and ſeeking out the Way of Salvation and Reſt for my Soul, which at Times was in ſome meaſure *weary and heavy laden.*

If perchance I had heard of any Perſon that had made a good and comfortable End, having led a holy Life, I was very much affected therewith, and could ſcarce forbear weeping, wiſhing my ſelf in their Stead.

I likewiſe retain'd ſuch a true ſincere Deſire of Juſtice and Honeſty to the Perſons of all Mankind, and was ſo tender on that Point, that remembring I had taken a Half-penny-worth of Ginger-bread, without paying for it, when a School-boy, I could not be at peace in my Mind, till I went and paid for it, which I did the firſt Opportunity.

Ano-

Another Time being at Play, with my Fellow-Apprentice, for Money, I chanc'd to win about 10 *d.* (as nigh as I can remember) in ready Money, and about Half a-Crown upon Truſt, for which he gave me Notes of his Hand, for the Payment of, according to Agreement.

However being afterwards ſomewhat affected on a religious Account, I thought my ſelf oblig'd to give him up his Notes again before they became due, as believing the Money was not lawfully got, becauſe by the way of Gaming.

Thus the bleſſed Spirit of God or Light of Chriſt was to me a Reprover, tho' I knew it not, and had I kept ſtrictly and cloſely to its Holy Requirings, I had been ſafe and happy.

But alas! Not knowing the true Way of Deliverance from my natural Corruptions, which now began to exert themſelves on me, and were too prevalent for me to withſtand and overcome by my own Strength, I became a more eaſy Prey to Satan.

I had read the Scriptures over and over, and they were no more than a dead Letter to me, with reſpect to the giving me any true Light how to overcome my powerful inbred Corruptions. I had likewiſe heard from the Pulpit of *coming to God thro' Chriſt, and of being cleans'd by the Blood of Chriſt from all Sin*; with many other like Things, which I could by no means underſtand, being confounded the more I ſought after a true Information.

Thus was I like a diſeas'd Perſon, who falling into the Hands of an unskilful Phyſitian, inſtead of receiving a Cure, his Diſeaſe is thereby made more deſperate.

It was about the Third or Fourth Year of my Apprenticeſhip, I happen'd to light on ſome Books writ *Pro* and *Con* by ſeveral of the Presbyterian and Independent Perſwaſion upon the Subject of *Juſtification by Faith*, occaſion'd by a Sermon preach'd by *Daniel Williams*, at *Pinners-Hall*, in which Controverſy the Diſputants made ſuch wretched Work of it as tended more to puzzle and confound a ſerious Enquirer, than to give him any true Light into Goſpel-Myſteries.

And now, Reader, 'twas about this Time the *French* and *Engliſh Prophets* began to make a Noiſe as before mentioned. And I being inform'd that a Meeting was intended to be kept in *Southwark*, by the Invitation of ſeveral ſober well-meaning People on that ſide the Water, who had not yet made Trial of the Spirit operating upon them, got leave of my Maſter, for half a Day, to go abroad, not acquainting him with my

intended Buſineſs, which if he had known, he would hav
been far from ſuffering me to go one Step on ſuch an Occaſion

When I came into *Southwark*, I was with ſome others con
ducted to the Meeting of the ſaid *Prophets*, which was kept a
the Meeting-Houſe formerly us'd by the *Baptiſts*, near *Mar
Overies-Dock*. As ſoon as I enter'd the Room, which was larg
and pretty full of People, the firſt Objects which drew m
Obſervation, were a Woman well dreſt, on her Knees, and
Man ſtanding before her, with his Hands upon her Head, ut
tering ſeveral Sentences, mixt with ſtrange Hiccups, and Sha
kings of his Head forwards and backwards, his Body as i
ſeem'd to me, jumping while he was ſpeaking. Between ever
two or three Words ſpeaking, he cry'd, Hoh, Hoh, Hoh, Hoh
O———h, O———h, O———h, as if he were taking
his laſt Gaſp. This Man's Name was *John Lacy*, Eſq; a
Perſon known by many to be a Man of Sobriety and Subſtance
and who belong'd to a Congregation of Presbyterians, to whom
Edmond Calamy a noted Man, was Preacher. This Laying on
of Hands, and ſpeaking to the Perſon on her Knees, was call'd
as I afterwards came to underſtand, *the Gift of Bleſſing*.

The next Scene that offer'd, was a *Frenchman* violently agi
tated and ſhaken, but in another Sort of a Manner than th
former. This Perſon, whoſe Name was *John Cavalier*, (one o
thoſe who arriv'd from *France*) on a ſudden, being under A-
gitation, was flung along upon the Ground, with a ſort of
violent Force, ſhewing ſeveral ſtrange Poſtures, ſuch as Boys
in their Play commmonly call *Bending the Sea-Crab*, walking
on his Hands, with his Legs erect, *&c.* There were ſeveral
Men *Engliſh* and *French*, who ſat at a Table, taking down in
writing what was ſpoke, and afterwards read it to the As-
ſembly preſent. There was, I think a Third that ſpoke, whoſe
Name was *Elias Marion*, another of thoſe that came from
France.

When all was over, the Spectators ſeverally made their Re-
marks on what had happen'd; ſome were of Opinion it might
poſſibly be of God, ſome aſcrib'd it to Madneſs, ſome to a Di-
abolical Operation, ſome to one Thing, and ſome to another.

For my own Part, I could ſee little of God or Religion in
this ſtrange Appearance, and did not know what to make of
it.

However, I plainly ſaw the Infection had diffuſed it ſelf like
the Plague, inſenſibly at firſt, upon ſeveral who came to enquire
into it, or to be Spectators. Amongſt

Amongſt this Number were Two Neighbours, one of whoſe Names was *William Draycott*, a Brazier in *Tooley-ſtreet*, a Man accounted of a ſober Life and Converſation, and one that had been join'd for ſeveral Years in Church-Membership, with the particular *Baptiſts*; the other was *Anna Finkley* a Widow in *Joyners-ſtreet*, who was likewiſe of good Repute, who invited the *Prophets* home to her Houſe, to refreſh themſelves, *&c.* After their ſo doing, one of the Prophets being ſeiz'd with the Spirit, call'd for the Miſtreſs or Head of the Houſe, who being come to him, he bleſs'd her and her Houſe, with many others, who kneel'd, and had the Prophets Hands laid upon their Heads.

Here it was, that my Siſter, before-mentioned, began to be greatly affected, having, as I think been bleſs'd (as they call'd it) but of that I will not be certain, and was taken with a violent Fit of weeping, as was another young Woman, and a very little Girl. This was the firſt Day of theirs and my ſeeing the Prophets, and I ſaw nothing more remarkable that Time, which was I think about the beginning of the Sixth Month, call'd *Auguſt*, in the Year 1707.

The next Time I went to my Father's, which was about a Week after, to my great Surprize, my Siſter had commenc'd *Propheteſs*, having at Times the Agitations upon her very violent and ſurpriſing. While I was there, the Spirit came upon her, and ſhe ſpoke ſomewhat; but what I can't remember.

By this Time my Mother (who tho' ſhe was a Woman that made a ſtrict Profeſſion, knew little of the Eſſence or Spiritual Part of Religion) began to have a favourable Opinion of this Matter; and being perſwaded by ſome to be bleſs'd, after ſome Reluctance, at laſt ſhe ſubmitted, had ſeveral fine Things (pleaſing to corrupt Nature) ſaid to her; and in ſome little Time after became a Captive of Satan, by firmly believing, and giving her ſelf up to him, in this his Work.

Here was now Mother and Daughter caught, there remain'd only Father and Son. For, my Part, it was a long while before I could in the leaſt be reconcil'd to it.

Nevertheleſs, in the mean Time, I had very awakening Thoughts of my Soul, and would many Times in great Diſtreſs of Mind weep by my ſelf, wiſhing I had never been born; and being willing to be inform'd rightly in thoſe Things which concern'd my eternal Welfare, I read all the Books I could get that treated on Religious Subjects, and amongſt

mongſt the reſt, I had in my Search, got ſome deſtructive Books of thoſe Falſe Teachers, who hold, That God has elected ſuch a particular Number, and reprobated all the reſt, who muſt unavoidably periſh. This Doctrine fill'd my poor diſtracted Soul with freſh Fears. What to do I could not tell. Thus was I hurried up and down, could get no Peace, being wholly ignorant my Helper was ſo nigh me, as afterwards I found,

However, by my reading the ſeveral Controverſies, I became thoroughly convinc'd that *Infant-Sprinkling* was nothing more than an human Invention, altogether unknown to the primitive Chriſtians in the firſt and ſecond Centuries, and that what was perform'd on me by the Conſent of my Parents, was null and void, and ſtood me in no manner of Stead; That I muſt firſt be a Believer in Chriſt, and then be baptiz'd in the Name of the Father, *&c.* for the Remiſſion of Sins. I likewiſe came to ſee ſeveral other Corruptions in Diſcipline and Worſhip among the various Profeſſors of Chriſtianity, who generally take Things upon Truſt, in what concerns their Eternal Salvation, (tho' by the way they are much wiſer in their Temporal Affairs) and if they have been but educated in a ſort of a religious Form, make it their Study to defend by Arguments what they have been educated in, right or wrong. This was not my Caſe now, for I was willing to embrace Truth, tho' in Rags, and never ſo much deſpis'd and ridicul'd by the Wiſe and Learned of this World; and obſerving the innocent and blameleſs Converſation of my Maſter before-mention'd, and likewiſe of a Siſter of his, of the ſame Profeſſion, I thought with my ſelf, the *Baptiſt* Way of Worſhip the moſt ſpiritual Way, and the moſt exact according to the Scriptures; and therefore imagin'd, if I could but repent heartily of, and forſake my Sins, and be baptiz'd, I ſhould be happy.

It was much about this Time, that my Mother and Siſter were caught in the Snare as before-mention'd; and my Mother being a zealous Woman for what ſhe profeſs'd, tho' without true Knowledge, was earneſt with me to go and be bleſs'd; which I for ſeveral Times, refus'd, fearing it was the Devil that poſſeſſed theſe Prophets, and being unwilling to be caught in his Snare. It was ſome Months I continu'd thus aloof off from being bleſs'd, tho' at Times I went to ſeveral of their Meet-

ings,

ngs, having a Desire to be inform'd thoroughly in this Matter.

At one of their Meetings, which was kept at the Rummer near *Honey Lane-Market*, where I was present, there was one *Thomas Dutton*, a Lawyer, seiz'd, being a Man well dress'd, in a long Tie-Wig, and I think, having a Sword by his Side. This Man under Agitations, much like the rest whom I had seen, utterr'd a very rational Discourse, or Warning, in which I well remember was somewhat to this Effect, *You call this a Delusion; but can it be a Delusion to bid you repent? Will the Devil preach Repentance?* with many other things to the same Purpose. After he had done, there was a young Woman spoke, whose Name I cannot tell.

This Spirit of Prophecy had by this Time arose to a great Heighth, and many were the Followers of it. Likewise there were several sober Persons who became Prophets and Prophetesses, particularly one *John Potter*, a *Baptist*, and a Member of a large Congregation to which —— *Foxwel* is Pastor, at *Horslydown*, *Southwark*, *John Glover*, a Baptist Preacher, *Mary Aspinal*, *Mary Turner*, *Sarah Draycott* with many more whom I shall not here mention.

Observing there were many sober People, some of whom I knew, who profess'd Faith in this Appearance, and who loudly cry'd it up as the Work of God; that it was the beginning of the fulfilling of the many glorious Promises mention'd in Scripture, *viz. the Calling of the Jews, the Lion's lying down with the Lamb*, &c. I began to have a favourable Opinion of it; and being perswaded by my Mother to receive a Blessing, accordingly with some Reluctance, I consented, and at the next Meeting I was at, in a Neighbour's House, after almost all present had been bless'd, I went towards the Prophet, whose Name was *Elias Marion*, and falling on my Knees, before him, he laid his Hands on my Head, and spoke several Sentences in *French*, after which, he took his Hands off, and I arose from off my Knees.

The Meeting soon after broke up, and as 'twas usual, those who took down in Writing what was spoke, if it was in *French*, translated it, and read it in *English* to those present, and if desir'd, would write out Copies of what was spoken, and particularly Blessings, and give 'em the Persons so desiring. My Blessing came at last to be read over, at which I

was

was ſomewhat affected, or rather elevated, which being give me in Writing a Day or Two after, was exactly as follows:

MY Child, till now, thou haſt been rebell ous to my Will. I come, I tell thee, t appropriate thy Heart to me. I come to mak thee a New Creature. I come to give thee, th Engagement promiſed to my Children. Tho haſt Habitation in my Houſe: Thou may'ſt as me without Fear; but let thy Heart humble i ſelf before me. Let it ſeek my Word, whil I do preſent it to thee. The Bleſſing of Go the *Father*, the *Son*, and the *Holy Ghoſt*, re upon thee, and ſhall never depart from thee Go in Peace. Pray to me without ceaſing, an draw back entirely from the World, and it Commerce. Reſign thy ſelf to follow me. call thee.

This Bleſſing, when I came to read it over, had a ſtrange an uncommon Effect on my Mind. I read it over and over, bein much affected therewith. I was willing, with a ſort of Hop on one hand, to believe that it was God ſpoke to me; o the other Hand, I was very much afraid, it was the allurin Voice of the Devil, to draw me in to the Deſtruction of m immortal Soul. Sometimes my Mind was raiſed to a high Pitc of Elevation, and ſometimes I was caſt down in great Perple xity. What to do I could not tell. I thought it could no be of God, it flatter'd me ſo much. And then I conſider' with my ſelf, God was a gracious Being, infinite in Mercy and boundleſs in his Love towards the Children of Men. A laſt after a great deal of Exerciſe of Mind, at different Times concerning this Affair, I came to be fully perſwaded, and di ſincerely believe it was of God, and that He was come i a wonderful Manner, to do a mighty Work on the Earth.

Nor had I, in the leaſt, any other View or Proſpect in m receiving or believing this Voice to be of God, than the good of my precious Soul, about which, I had been earneſtly con-

cern'

ern'd at Times, almoſt ever ſince I could ſpeak. The All-knowing God, before whom I muſt ſhortly appear, at the great Tribunal knows I utter Truth.

It was not very long after, to the beſt of my Remembrance, that a Meſſenger came out of *Southwark*, to my Maſters, to ſpeak with me one Seventh-Day-Night. The Meſſage he came upon was to acquaint me, that my Mother deſired my Maſter to give me leave to go over; for that the Spirit had told my Siſter, thro' her own Mouth, that that very Night at Twelve of Clock ſhe was to die. The News very much ſtartled me, and made me ſorrowful, to think of parting with my Siſter, whom I lov'd very well. And getting Leave of my Maſter, I went over, in full Purpoſe, to condole, and take a Farewell of my dying Siſter. When I came to my Father's, I found her in Bed, my Mother and ſeveral Neighbours who were Believers, being in the ſame Room. It was about Ten of the Clock I got there, and my Mother having ſent for a Quart of Wine before, we each of us drank to, and afterwards ſaluted my Siſter, fully expecting at the Hour appointed ſhe would certainly die.

Twelve of the Clock being nigh come, I obſerv'd, one or two in the room compos'd themſelves to private Prayer, on this Occaſion. For my own part I waited with Grief of Heart to ſee my Siſter depart, between Hope, and Fear, when on a ſudden, ſhe was violently ſeiz'd, and agitated to ſuch a Degree, as was amazing, which continuing for ſome Time, (I think about a Quarter of an Hour,) the Spirit went off her, and we were inform'd ſhe was not to die this Time, to my very great Joy, as well as to theirs who were preſent, who wept upon this Occaſion.

There were many Conjectures upon this Failure of Prediction. One would have it to mean, that ſhe was to die to Sin, another that it was for the Trial of our Faith, and a Third have another Reaſon different from both.

It was not long after, ere the Prophets and Propheteſſes began to predict many particular, ſtrange and wonderful things, naming Perſons, Times, and Places. And there being one *Thomas Emes*, commonly call'd Dr. *Emes*, a reputed Socinian, who had receiv'd this Spirit, and had become a Prophet, and to whom the Spirit thro' ſeveral of the reſt of the Prophets had promis'd ſhould do many marvelous Things: This *Emes*, notwithſtanding all that was aſſur'd him, of his being a

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great Inſtrument to work Miracles of all Sorts,) was taken ill about the 4th Day of the 10th Month, commonly call'd *December*, with a violent Head-Ach, or Megrim, and died on the 22d, and was buried the 25th of the ſame Month on the Day call'd *Chriſtmas-Day*, 1707. in the Burying-Place, in *Bunhill-fields*, commonly call'd *Tyndall's Burying-Ground*.

While he lay ill, he was told, *By John Lacy, John Potter, &c.* under Agitation, many flattering Stories, that if he dy'd, he ſhould quickly be rais'd again, which the poor Man, as I have reaſon to think, firmly believ'd. After the Doctor was dead, inſtead of being laid out, as is uſual for a dead Corps, he was kept hot in his Bed, till he ſtunk ſo, as there was ſcarce any enduring it, ſeveral imagining he would come to Life again.

The Day he was buried, I being at a Meeting in *Southwark*, at the Dwelling-Houſe of *Guy Nutt*, at which was preſent *John Potter*, whom I had heard much of, but never before had ſeen, to my Knowledge, upon whom the Spirit came, and after violent Agitations, with a very awful Voice, ſpoke as follows,

REmember this Day, my Children. I ſay, remember this Day. It is known vulgarly to all. For, I ſay, from this Day will I be glorified, in all that believe. This Day ſhall be a Day of Joy to you, my Children; of exceeding Joy unto all that truſt in me. Remember it therefore. For know from this Day I will make an extraordinary Beginning. The wonderful Works of your God ſhall be ſeen viſibly, if you will but behold. And I ſay, Whoſo ſeeth not is worſe than blind naturally. This Day ſhall be unto you as the Beginning of Days. And as Days were before Months; ſo the Firſt Day of the next Month ſhall be to you, the Beginning of Months. For I will work, and nothing ſhall let. My Word ſhall run and be glorified. My Power ſhall be made known. The Strength of my Arm ſhall be felt. The Power of the Almighty ſhall cauſe ſuch Ecchoes in this City, as that the City ſhall tremble. Bleſſed are they that hear. It is on them I will ſet my Mark; that, when the Deſtroying Angel cometh, they may be preſerved. But whoſo will not hear, in their Bowels ſhall the Sword of mine Indignation be ſheathed. It ſhall gore in their Hearts. It ſhall be made drunk with their Blood. This, this this is the great and notable Day of the Lord: Terrible to

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the wicked; but Cauſe of exceeding Joy to thoſe that obey. Therefore, my obedient ones, ye who have heard my Voice, and ſay, we know it is the Voice of God, I am now about to anſwer your Prayers. I'll give now undeniable Proof, that this is my Word: That theſe diſtracted Motions are cauſed by the Operation of my Spirit, in my Children. The Reſtoring of the Blind, the Healing of the Sick, the raiſing of the Dead ſhall decide it, after ſome Months being interred. Will not this do? Take heed, you, that ſay, I ſhall believe, when I ſee this. Take heed, I ſay, you ſimple ones: For if Faith, as thou confeſſeſt, be the Gift of God; thou knoweſt not whether I will give Faith then. No, no, I will not gratify the Humours of my Worms, in whoſe Deſtruction I can be glorified; and I will, if you will not accept of this Act of Grace, which is now proclaimed by the Mouths of my Servants. Therefore it is now, that I call unto you. Come, come, come; come, all you that would eſcape approaching Judgments; and enter into this Ark, which I have prepared for your Safety. Yes, I will raiſe the Dead. By the ſame Power, that I have raiſed *Jeſus*, will I raiſe that Body now aſleep; More fat, and more fair, than ever he has been: It ſhall not be known by his Friends, that he hath faſted ſo many Months. So fat, ſo lovely ſhall he appear, that the Beholders ſhall fall in Love with him. Yes, the ſame Body, the ſame Face, tho' more lovely. For the Beams of my Glory ſhall overſhadow that Earthly Tabernacle; ſo as that it ſhall be made glorious thereby. Come, my Children, I know you wait.

[*Here he fell backward in his Chair, and cry'd out in a different Tone from what he had before ſpoken with,*] O Lord!

[*Then the Spirit anſwer'd, by way of Dialogue,*] What would you that I ſay unto you? [*He then cry'd out in the different Tone*] By another Lord! [*And then fell down with ſome Force to the Ground, where he lay ſilent.*]

In a little Time afterwards, *Anna Maria King*, a Girl of 12 Years old, was ſeiz'd, and under Agitations, ſpoke as follows,

REjoice greatly, O my Children, and be exceeding glad: For great is your Reward in Heaven. And be you aſſured, that all that I have ſpoken by my Servant, at this Time, and all other Times, ſhall come to paſs. And if you knew me, you would believe me. By the Hand of my Servant *Lacy*,

will I raiſe the Body of my Servant, that is now dead. But you muſt wait my Time: For I am not at your Wills; neither will I be. He I ſay, he ſhall ariſe and fulfil his Teſtimony. Did I ever ſpeak in vain? No, I aſſure you; I never did, nor I never will. You have ſufficient Proof already, that this is the Power of God. But there is none can deny this, that I am going to bring to paſs. If he be dead and rotten, yet I will raiſe him, as I have ſpoken, to fulfill his Teſtimony. There is not one Tittle of what I have ſpoken ſhall paſs away. I will do greater Things than theſe. Yes, I will do ſuch Things as never yet have been.

After which *John Potter* being again ſeiz'd, ſpoke as follows,

O Thou timorous Child! Why prayeſt thou thus unto me? Thinkeſt thou, that I will be entreated by thee, to ſpeak that, by others, which I purpoſe to ſpeak by Thee? I tell thee, I will not. Therefore let me no more be ſollicited upon ſuch Occaſions. I will excuſe thee for this Time. But know, from thy Mouth, ſhall be declared the Poſitive Day in which my Servant ſhall be raiſed from the Dead. I only give thee Time to conſider of the Weakneſs of thy Prayer. I have heard it; but I aſſure thee, *I* approve not of it. [Here he fell into moſt violent and ſurprizing Agitations, crying out, in a different Tone of Voice, *O Lord! Who can bear it?* the Spirit thro his own Mouth, then ſaid,] Thou ſhalt, and a Thouſand times more.

If thou wilt enable me, Lord.

Thy Brethren may judge of the Weakneſs of thy Prayer, by that Childiſh Expreſſion. Did I ever require any Thing, at any Time, to be done, by any of my Servants, but they were aſſiſted by me, in the Performance of it?

True Lord, I know thou never didſt.

Well; learn then to know my Will, and do it. For know, Thou ſhalt not only declare the Days in which I will work Miracles: But thou ſhalt likewiſe with a loud Voice, in this City, declare the Poſitive Day, in which my Judgments ſhall deſcend from Heaven. Thou ſhalt tell the Day, in which Fire and Brimſtone ſhall deſcend, to the conſuming to aſhes, famous Buildings in this City. Be thou ſtill there-

therefore: And know, that I am God: And that it is I that ſpeak in thee; and not thou thy ſelf.

The next Day *John Potter* was ſeiz'd again by the Spirit, at another Meeting, and ſpoke as follows, by Way of Dialogue.

WILt thou declare willingly, with an open Mouth, thoſe Words which I ſpeak unto thee?

Do thou rule, O Lord, over all my Faculties. My Will is, that thine may be be done. Take Poſſeſſion of it, Lord, and it ſhall be ſo.

But I will, that thou reſiſt not.

Lord, remember my Weakneſs; thou knoweſt that I am but Duſt.

What! Wilt thou ſtill interrogate? Have I not told thee, I will be Strength in thy Weakneſs, Wiſdom in thy Folly; and that I will always aſſiſt thee, as the Matter requires? Take heed, leſt I ſtrike thee dumb: Which I will, if thou ceaſeſt not.

Thy Will be done, Lord, Lord; Lord, thy Will be done. I muſt ſpeak yet unto thee, Lord. Spare me Lord, ſend me not; for I cannot bear. [Here he was thrown down backward, and lay ſo on the Floor for ſome Time; after which he roſe again; and in a moſt lamentable and affecting Tone, he cryed] *O! the Burden of the Lord! The Burden of the Lord!*

Do thou remember, my Child, how much the Excuſe of my Servant *Moſes* tended to his Loſs. Was it not Weakneſs, in him to ſay unto me, thou knoweſt I am a Man of a ſtammering Tongue; and at the ſame Time, I would have given him the Tongue of the Learned? He loſt the Honour of being a famous Orator, by his excuſing himſelf. Therefore, ſay not, I am weak; but the contrary; in the Lord am I ſtrong: His Power inhabits my Heart. And that ſhall appear in all that truſt in me. Therefore, when I command thee, be thou willing; Saying, on thine Arm will I truſt. What ſayeſt thou now my Child? Art thou willing? Say no more, thy Will be done, Lord, and then frame Excuſes for thy ſelf.

I will not excuſe my ſelf, Lord: Only this, only this; Spare me yet a little while.

If I ſhould, it will be always, Yet a little while.

No, Lord, no; but I entreat thee now.

Thou ſayeſt well in every Thing; but when it comes to the Trial, thou ſtarteſt back. I will be entreated by thee. Thou art ſpared. But let the Time be ſpent in conſidering the Nature of the Meſſage: For thou canſt not ſay, thou art ignorant of it.

I am not, Lord.

And in thy continual Prayers, ſee thou ask for Strength; and I will give it thee.

The next day being the 27th, *John Potter* was again ſeiz'd, and ſpoke by way of Dialogue, as follows,

BEhold, I come, I come, I come. My Children, ſee to your ſelves therefore. For, I ſay, the Righteous ſhall ſcarcely be ſaved: Be ye not careful therefore, what the State of the Wicked ſhall be: No, no; look unto your ſelves. Rejoice in your God therefore, you, whom I have called. And know of a Truth, that ſo long as you obey my Voice, which ſpeaketh through you, you are ſafe. But I tell you, there are ſome amongſt you, which obeyeth not that Voice. Thou, thou Wretch, by whom I ſpeak, diſobeyeſt.

[Here he was thrown all along upon the Floor, crying out,] *Slay me Lord, and thou ſhalt be juſt.*

I will not; yet will I be juſt. Thou complaineſt of the Burden of the Lord.

I will ſpeak Lord, I cannot bear it, tho' the unworthyeſt of all, yet be merciful, O Lord God.

Riſe thou. [Here *John Cavalier* was ſeized with moſt violent Agitations.] I tell thee, the Burden thou complaineſt of ſhall be five Times heavier.

Thy Will be done, Lord, thou art ſtrong: On thy Arm will I lean.

Thou audacious Preſumer! Wilt thou rebell againſt me, and ſay, Lord, on thy Arm will I truſt!

Thou knoweſt my Heart, O Lord.

I do; and I will burſt in Pieces that Heart: I will conſume thy Bones: The Flames of my Wrath ſhall conſume thee, if thou wilt not give Vent to that within thee.

Thy Will be done, Lord, I cannot.

I told thee how it would be. Didſt thou not ſay, it ſhould not be ſo?

Lord, I did not think thou wouldſt have called ſo ſoon.

Thou fooliſh Child! Muſt the wicked ſay ſo, when I appear?

Be entrea'ed, O Lord, to ſpeak by another Mouth; but if not; thou muſt ſpare me yet.

I will ſpeak by thee; and I will ſpare thee that thy Burden may be encreaſed Five Times. Thou ſhalt be an Example to the reſt, for thou art not alone. Thou Fool! Can Death eaſe thee? No, no. Art thou fit to die? Conſider, thou doſt not know what it is to die.

Lord, I am ignorant of every Thing. Thou haſt called me; but I am as a Bullock unaccuſtomed to the Yoke.

But I will accuſtom thee to it. I know what thou art.

Unworthy I!

Yes, thou art unworthy: And the Language of thy Actions is this, I will be more unworthy. [*Here* John Cavalier *was again ſeized; and with a naked Knife in his Hand, and his Arm liſted up, he ſaid,*] Je viendrai raſſaſſier ma Colere, ſur ceux, qui anoncent ma Parole. Je ne veux point des Serveteurs rebelles a mes Commandements, dans ma Maiſon. But I ſay, that ſtiff Neck of thine ſhall be broken; ſo that thou ſhalt couch to the Burden of the Lord, and not cry out of its being heavy. [Then *John Potter* cry'd out,]

Thou only canſt do it O Lord: Do it ſoon.

The ſame Day, *John Potter* receiv'd a Bleſſing, Part of which, was as follows,

MY Child, I have great Things to do by thee. I ſhall come in a few Days to give thee a full Accompliſhment of the Promiſes that I have made unto thee. And I ſhall come to open thy Mouth, to declare a Day of Peace, of Joy, and of Conſolation to my Children. And the Poſitive Day ſhall be declared by thy Mouth, of the Reſurrection of my Servant, who has been buried. I will open thy Mouth by Force: And I tell thee, thou ſhalt declare the Day, the terrible Day, the frightful Day, in which the Heavens ſhall rain Fire and Brimſtone, Fire and Brimſtone, Fire and Brimſtone. I accompliſh every Day my Strength in thy Infirmities. I have Compaſſion of thy Weakneſſes. Take Care, I tell thee, to do my Will; and be not diſobedient to thy Creator; for otherwiſe, I will root thee out. My Child, take Courage. Thou ſhalt ſee the fulfilling of the Things foretold by thy Mouth; reſt aſſured of it. Be aſſured, that not one Word of them has been uttered

tered, but from me, and which my Holy Spirit did put into thy Mouth.

The next Day being the 28th, *John Potter* was for a long Time under violent Agitations; and labour'd greatly, with Strugglings in his Throat and Organs of Speech; almost as if he were choaking; and utter'd some inarticulate Sounds. After which he spoke the following Warning.

DID ye understand, my Children? You shall know more perfectly in a short Time. The Words were pronounced, even the Day, in which my Servant *Emes* shall rise. Take this as a Mark. [*Here the Spirit instantly threw him upon the Floor; where he lay stretched out as dead, without Motion or Breathing. After some Time, there came a trembling Motion into every Part of him at once; his Feet, Legs, Hands, Arms and Shoulders: After which there appeared some Breathing; which grew still louder and stronger in him. After he had been in that Manner, for some Time, he said;*] The Operation of my Spirit upon his Body shall cause the Earth over him to be loosened. You shall not break the Ground; no, he shall rise without: In this Form. [*Here he raised up his Head, and his Body forward, into a sitting Posture.*] By thy Mouth will I command. [*This he directed to* John Lacy, *who sat by him.*] and thou shall raise him. [*He then stretch'd out his Hand, and took hold of* John Lacy's *Hand, and thereupon stood up upon his Feet.*]

About this Time as *John Potter* and *John Cavalier* were passing by the Place where Dr. *Emes* was buried; *John Potter* was seiz'd with the Spirit, and then said,

THOU my Servant, who lies interr'd in this Place, shalt in a few Natural Months arise. My Child, thy Tongue shall declare the Positive Day: Be thou obedient, and I will exceedingly reward thee: But if thou resistest, I will break thy Neck with a Rod of Iron. Consider therefore and be wise.

On the 29th, *John Cavalier* spoke a Warning in *French*, which being translated into *English*, is as follows,

MY Children, in a few Natural Months you shall see greater Miracles wrought, than I wrought upon *Lazarus*.

When

When I raiſed *Lazarus*, he had been but Four days in his Grave. I commanded that the Stone that lay upon it, ſhould be taken away: But you, and the Inhabitants of this City, ſhall, in a few natural Months, ſee my faithful Servant, who has been buried, raiſed, in the Preſence of Men: My Children, he ſhall come out of his Grave, without the Earth being taken away, that lies upon him. He ſhall come forth, in the preſence of Men, and he ſhall unty his Shroud, in which he is now wrap'd. This ſhall not be in ſecret; no, but in publick: I do ask of you all, if you do believe that I am able to do this. Anſwer me, if you have no Murmuring in your Hearts. Anſwer ſincerely. I am the Invincible, the great *Jehovah*, who ſpeak to you at this Time; the Almighty; the King of Heaven and Earth. [*Then one in the Company anſwered, Lord, I believe that it is more eaſy to thee to raiſe him (if there are Differences in the Degrees of thy Power) than it was, either to create Man at the firſt, or to go on to produce them, by the ordinary way.*] Thy Faith is great, I ſay unto thee; but all thoſe who hear my Voice, have it in not ſo great Meaſure. Cauſe them to underſtand theſe Things, that they may give their Anſwer, in their own Tongue. [*The aforeſaid Diſcourſe being then read in Engliſh*, John Potter *anſwer'd*, Lord, I believe thou canſt and wilt.] My Child, thou knoweſt the Time, and I will make thee to declare it in a few Days. Thoſe who will cry to me, Thou King of Heaven and Earth, All Might is in thy Hand; Thou canſt do all Things; we make no doubt of it; they ſhall ſee it, in Truth. I do proteſt to you, with an Oath, that if you anſwer me with Sincerity, your Eyes ſhall ſee theſe Things.

Then *John Potter* ſpoke as follows,

MY Child, thou knoweſt the Time, and I will make thee declare it in a ſhort Time.

Pray for me, my Brethren and Siſters, that I may diſcharge my Duty faithfully. O Pray for me! Conſider, if it were your own Caſe. Lord, by ſome other Mouth, any, any ſave mine. But thy Will, O Lord.

It ſhall appear to all it is my Will, and not thine, thou diſobedient one. All I now command of thee, is, that thou be Paſſive in every thing.

I promiſe to thee, O thou Great and Mighty Being, that I will be nothing in it.

But wilt thou not reſiſt?

Lord,

Lord, I will not. Strike me dead, if I do.

None of thy Brethren are ſenſible how much thou haſt ſuffered by thy diſobedience.

Thou knoweſt the Sincerity of my Heart, Lord.

Thou ſhalt endure more, becauſe of it.

Thy Will be done, O Lord.

It ſhall be done in Spite of thee. Neither Devils or Men can alter my Purpoſe, but remember this, I command thee, that thou be Paſſive.

I will, Lord.

[*During the Time of the ſoregoing Diſcourſe,* John Cavalier *who ſate by him, being ſeized with the Spirit, fell down at his Feet, and lay as dead.*]

Thou ſhalt not, as thou haſt ſaid, ſay, Lord, I did not think thou wouldſt call ſo ſoon; for I have given thee Time, and thou knoweſt how much I have allow'd thee: Therefore prepare thy ſelf, by Prayer.

O my Brethren, pray for me.

With as little Trouble will I command him, who is dead indeed, by the Mouth of him whom I have appointed; as I do him, who is but a Sign. [*Here he took hold of* John Cavalier *by the Hand, who inſtantly leap'd up from the Ground, where he lay, and ſtood on his Feet.*] Shall not my Glory then appear? Will not that ſtop the Mouths of thoſe who have already exalted themſelves above my Appearance in my Children? I ſay therefore, obſerve it; thoſe Mouths which have declar'd unto others that they ought not to believe; in that Day ſhall my Judgments immediately deſcend upon them. 'Tis not their being Miniſters of the Goſpel ſhall prevent my Judgments reaching them. No, no. Sore and heavy ſhall they be, upon the Heads of thoſe Blaſphemers of my Name, thoſe deſpiſers of my Appearance, thoſe Rejecters of my Voice; that will not enter the Kingdom themſelves, but as Aſſiſtants to the Devil, work with all their Might, to prevent others. Wo, Wo, Wo be unto ſuch. I ſay *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* ſhall appear, to the aggravating of their Miſery. For if thoſe mighty Works had been done in *Sodom* as have been done in *London* under this Diſpenſation, they would have repented. Leſs Miracles than that of Raiſing the Dead, would have been ſufficient to have turned them unto me. Therefore the Sinners of *Sodom* ſhall aggravate their Puniſhment. It ſhall be manifeſt that the raiſing of this Body, by my Command, out of the Mouth

of

of my Servant, ſhall be a greater Miracle than that of your Lord, when he raiſed *Lazarus*. For I ſay unto you, that *Lazarus* lay but Four Days. But my Servant ſhall lie much longer, in his Grave: Yes, I ſay, more Months than he lay Days. Muſt it not then be the Power of the Eternal God? What ſay ye then, O ye People? Can any thing ſhort of an invincible Power, put Life into that which ſhall be corrupted, nay rotten? Thoſe that have beheld my Servant, before interr'd, ſhall judge whether or no his Fleſh muſt not be conſumed. Yet ſhall he riſe fat and lovely; fair indeed; ſo that he ſhall captivate the Affections of the Beholders. Bleſſed are ye that believe. O believe this, my Children; it ſhall be accounted to you for Righteouſneſs. Your Faith ſhall be rewarded. Happy will they be, who when they ſee, will be convinced it is my Power. But happy, happy, happy, yea indeed eternally happy ſhall they be who believe now. Therefore ſuffer not the leaſt Doubt, concerning this Matter, to ariſe in your Hearts; leſt you, by your doubts, be wholly bereft of Faith. And, if ſo, the beholding of him, after riſen, will not beget Faith in you. Look to your ſelves therefore. Many are harden'd by his Death. They have ſuffer'd themſelves to be captivated by the Devil. Shall they believe in his Reſurrection? I tell you no. They ſhall behold that Glorious Body, and not know it is He. Yet Thouſands and Ten Thouſands ſhall believe thereby. For, as I declar'd to him, before his Death, that him I had qualified for a Miniſter extraordinary; it was for this; it was for this; tho I did not make him ſenſible of it. That was his Burden. But as he departed in the Belief of his Reſurrection miraculouſly; as a Reward of his Faith ſhall he behold himſelf alive, in that room where he departed. And many that there ſaw him dead, ſhall likewiſe there ſee him alive. They that then were afraid to touch him, ſhall run to embrace him, ſaying, Thou Servant of the Living God, thou Perfecter of his Glory, we bleſs our God, becauſe of thee. For thee, indeed, has he made an Inſtrument to convert more Souls, than the Traders of my Word have, in many Ages paſt. Will not this be a ſtrange Work, my Children? How ſtrange ſoever it may ſeem, I ſay, Dead Men ſhall turn Souls to the Living God. O believe this, I command you; and as you would enter the Kingdom. Look unto *Abraham*, my Children; who was commanded to offer up his only Son *Iſaac*, from whoſe Loins was to come a numberleſs Seed. But did that Command ſhake *Abraham's*

ham's Faith? I tell you no. Therefore was it accounted to him for Righteousness, Look to your selves; I am the same God. And I tell you, *Abraham* trusted in me, knowing I was Omnipotent. Therefore he believed that I could restore *Isaac* to Life again. If he had been slain, it was equal to me. But know this, I did it only for the Trial of his Faith, which was great. Therefore was this Seed blessed, because of that. Therefore, now ye, as the Seed of *Abraham*, demonstrate it by your Faith to my Promises: For they are certain; yes. Can the Eternal Being cease to be? I tell you, No; there is the same Possibility for one as the other. Therefore I say, not one Tittle of what I have declar'd, by this Mouth, shall fail. I the eternal God have said it.

My Christian Reader may observe here with what Solemnity these Warnings were utter'd, being spoke in the first Person, as if the Great and Omnipotent God, the Creator of all things had been the Author of 'em: And likewise what was herein promis'd to the Believers.

I shall now proceed in my Narrative, by acquainting him, that we were told that on the First Day of the 10th Month, commonly call'd *New-Years-Day*, Wonderful Things were to be declar'd by the Spirit, and the positive Day, in which the Doctor was to be rais'd out of his Grave. And this being to be the Beginning of Months, as before declar'd, we all were rais'd with vast Expectations.

It happen'd that I had the Liberty of going abroad on this Day; and as I was walking pretty betimes into *Southwark*, I met my Mother, and several others, who were going to a Meeting appointed at the *Three Foxes* in *Holloway*. We took Coach, and as we were proceeding in our Journey, before we got out of Town, the Spirit seiz'd my Sister in the Coach, and we were told, that that very Day, it should be declar'd when Dr. *Emes* should rise.

When we came to the Place aforesaid, there was a handsome large Room appointed for the Meeting of the *English*, and another over that, for the *French*. In a little Time the Room began to fill, and the Spirit had before commanded us, as I was there inform'd, to salute one another with a Kiss, which we accordingly did.

After which, being seated, and the Writers plac'd round the Table, as usual, the Spirit in a little Time began to operate upon

upon ſeveral Men, Women and Children very violently, making a ſtrange and awful Noiſe, which continu'd for ſome conſiderable Time, and then by Degrees decreaſing, *John Lacy* began to ſpeak a Warning, which to the beſt of my Remembrance, was to the Purport following, *That the Children of God had hitherto been in a Wilderneſs-State, like the Iſraelites of old, That as they went over the River* Jordan, *ſo muſt we expect to paſs over the* Jordan *of Afflictions; and as when they drew near the Land of* Canaan, *God took* Moſes *up to Mount* Piſgah *to give him a Sight of the Land; ſo we ſhould in a little Time,* (either in a few Minutes or Hours) *have a Sight or Taſte of the Spiritual* Canaan, &c.

As ſoon or before he had done ſpeaking, *John Potter* was carried violently by the Spirit from the Place where he ſat, into another Room, ſeveral Perſons that were Believers, following him to ſee what he was going about. For my own Part, I was not ſo curious.

However, it was not long before he came into the Room again, but in ſuch a Manner, as was the moſt awful and affecting as ever I ſaw; for he being a tall Man, under moſt violent Agitations, came in, his Arms extended to the utmoſt, in each of his Hands holding and ſhaking a piece of Paper, and crying out with a thundering Voice, *GRACE, GRACE, GRACE,* which Words having repeated ſeveral Times, he threw one of the Pieces of Paper which was blank, backwards over his Head, and the other Peice on which was ſomewhat he had wrote when out of the Room, he laid on the Table, which being read by Sir *Richard Bulkely*, was (to the beſt of my Remembrance, for I would not add one Tittle more than Truth) as follows,

Here's your Pardon purchas'd by the Blood of the *Lamb*, for all your Sins paſt to this Day. Sign'd and ſeal'd by the Great *Jehovah*.

I AM.

This Paper was no ſooner read but the whole Room full, as it ſeem'd to me, was in the Heighth of Elevation and Extacy, ſome crying, ſome jumping and dancing, with all the Signs of Joy poſſible. For my own Part, I was in ſuch Raptures, as thinking this was the *Piſgah* Sight ſpoken of by *John Lacy*,

Lacy, or rather, being wrapt up into the third Heavens, that I could ſcarce contain my ſelf. And indeed what could poſſibly be more affecting, than to believe, that GOD Himſelf was ſpeaking to us, telling us, that all our Sins were pardon'd, as it were, *Face to Face?*

The Extaſies and Agitations of the Inſpir'd were ſo prodigious great and loud, that I expected nothing leſs than the Houſe, by a miraculous Power to be rent in twain.

After many more Things ſpoke by the other Inſpir'd, *John Potter* under violent Agitations, ſpoke as follows,

I Have that to declare by this Mouth, ſee that it ſtartle you not; ſee that you believe it. I have given you PARDON; let not your Disbelief bring all that Score, which I have caſt behind my Back, in View. I ſay, whoſe queſtions my Power ſhall not be remitted. See to it. [*Here he fell into more violent Agitations, and keckled extreamly in his Throat, as if he were choaking; and uttered ſeveral inarticulate Sounds.*] Know ye the Day in which my Servant was Interred: Five Months from that Day, The Twenty Fifth Day of *May*, you ſhall behold him riſe again. One Month above the Number of Days that *Lazarus* was in his Grave. The very Hour he was put in the Earth ſhall he ariſe. Know ye the Day, my Children? [*It was anſwer'd* Yes.] Well. The Twenty Fifth Day of *May*. Right. I ſay ye ſhall ſee him riſe that's now Dead. For thy part, by whom I ſpeak, thou ſhalt not laugh until thou beholdeſt him. No, thou ſhalt not ſmile, I ſay, becauſe of thy Unwillingneſs to declare. Thy Joy ſhall be abated. Fear not, thy Peace ſhall be multiplied. O ye that have heard the Day declar'd in which, I will, by thee, [*Here he laid his Hand upon* John Lacy's *Shoulders*] raiſe him, who ſhall be rotten. Behold him by whom I ſpeak; if you ſee any Sign of Joy fixed on his Viſage, ſay then, The Words were not the Lord's. Let this, my Child, be a ſure Sign unto thy ſelf.

I love thee; therefore it is that I pronounce no greater Judgment. For know, More have I to ſay by thee ere that is accompliſhed; elſe ſhouldſt thou be ſtruck dumb. [*Here he ſpoke to* John Lacy.] Fear thou not, my Child, I ſay, Thou ſhalt appear upon the Five and Twentieth of *May* next, in that Ground where my Servant lieth. Wait thou there, with others of my Children, from Twelve at Noon, until Six in the Evening. I will ſurround you. An Angelick Hoſt

ſhall

ſhall guard thee, with thy Companions. No Hurt ſhall come unto thee, nor any of mine. Yet ſhall they ſee thoſe who come, thinking to believe by ſeeing, be conſumed before thee.

Provide no Cloathing for my Servant; for he ſhall ariſe pure and innocent. Therefore no Shame ſhall attend him. Neither ſhall it be eſteem'd Indecency, for him to walk naked unto his Habitation. Remember, remember the Day; the Time; obſerve it; from Twelve till Six. But ere That, my Glory ſhall appear. I will, before that Day, make it manifeſt that I am God. O many, with you, ſhall acknowledge the ſame. But others will compare you, my Children, unto the Magicians of *Egypt*, who, by their Arts, wrought Wonders, to the aſtoniſhing of the People. But that will ſtop all Mouths. For know, the Power of the Devil never extended ſo far as to raiſe the Dead; which I will, by my Servant do; and (when raiſed) many will be his Perſecutors. But he nor you ſhall have no need to fear. Believe this, my Children. Do you believe it? [*It being anſwer'd* Yes, *It was then ſaid*,] All you that believe, hold up your Hands, [*Upon which moſt, if not all preſent, held up their Hands, ſome crying, ſome jumping, ſome leaping, one lying all along upon the Ground, and the whole room full being as it ſeem'd to me in the Heighth of Elevation, or Spiritual Madneſs, ſeveral cry'd out*, Yes, Lord, help our Unbelief.] My Children, I know you do. But pray that your Faith may not fail. Many, at his Appearing, will deny my Appearance. Look to your ſelves. I ſay, ſome in this Room will deny that it was the Appearance of God: Therefore look to your ſelves. That you all may be watchful, is the Reaſon that I nominate none.

Some Time after this Warning was over, *John Cavalier* came from the upper Room with a Woman, who had lately buried her Son, whom the Spirit promis'd likewiſe ſhould be raiſ'd much about the ſame Time with Dr. *Emes*. And a litwhile after, *John Cavalier* jump'd up on a Table in the Middle of the Room, and with his Foot ſtamp'd diſtinctly many Times thereon, and ſpoke ſomewhat in *French*, which was interpreted by one preſent (I think Sir *Richard Bulkely*) to ſignify either the Number of Weeks, or Number of Days, Dr. *Emes* ſhould lay in his Grave.

The Reſurrection of the Doctor was alſo predicted by ſeveral, if not all, the Inſpired, ſoon after. And now, Reader it was, that I was fully given up to Satan, to believe Lies; now it was, the Reaſon which God gave me, came to be captivated and deſtroy'd; my Will and Affections rais'd to an elevated Pitch, by the Power of vain Imaginations which (like Poyſon in the Body, that diffuſes it ſelf thro' every Part of the Man) infected me throughout in Body Soul and Spirit, and conſequently led me into a Labyrinth of Confuſion, Miſery and Diſtreſs, hereafter to be mentioned.

Now it was, I enter'd my ſelf a Voluntier under the Banner of Beelzebub, believing him to be *JESUS*, the Captain of my Salvation. And inſtead of being inlightned and reprov'd by the Spirit of Chriſt, I was careſs'd, flatter'd and ſooth'd up in my Sins, by the flattering Voice of the Devil.

Nor was it my Caſe alone; for there were many others, who in the Sincerity of their Hearts, were ſeeking the Way to *Sion*, but thro' Ignorance, were enticed and prevail'd upon by the Voice of the Deluder, to whom I truſt, God will in his own Time, make known his Salvation, by their Deliverance. But to return to my Relation.

There being now a conſiderable Number of Inſpir'd, and a far larger Number of Believers, ſeveral of the latter being Men of diſtinguiſh'd Senſe and Judgment in natural Things, as well as Subſtance, the Spirit now begins to predict and thunder forth moſt lamentable Judgments on the Inhabitants of this Land, &c. ſuch as Peſtilence, Famine, Fire and Blood, and ſeveral frightful Repreſentations were made thereof as Signs, under Agitation, much like Players upon a Stage. It was not long after this, the Spirit commanded the Believers to wear a Green Ribbon, of about a Yard long, as a Mark for the deſtroying Angel to know us by, when he ſhould come to execute the Judgments of the Lord. Accordingly, I with the reſt bought a green Ribbon, and wore it according to Command, on the left Side under my upper Garment. After ſome Time we were all commanded to wear it on our Heads, and round our right Arms, all which I, in Sincerity and Simplicity, with many others exactly obey'd, and particularly one *Havey*, a *Frenchman* was commanded to wear his Ribbon openly, which he did; by fixing it upon an upper Breaſt-Button of his Coat.

Coat. This wearing of Ribbon was alſo adjug'd and look'd upon as a Bride Favour for *the Marriage of the Lamb*, which we were often told by the Inſpir'd, under Operation, would very quickly be ſolemnis'd.

We were alſo commanded by the Spirit, each of us for our ſelves, to buy the largeſt and faireſt Apple that could be bought for Money, and write our Names thereon; accordingly I being ſent of an Errand, bought the beſt I could light on, at *Stocks-Market*, for which I gave a Penny, brought it home and very devoutly wrote my Name thereon. This I kept ſeveral Months, as choice as poſſible under Lock and Key, until it was rotten: And then, to the beſt of my Remembrance, I think I eat it. One *Anne Steed*, (hereafter to be mentioned,) being unwilling to have her Apple ſpoil'd, made a Dumplin with it, as I was inform'd: But what the reſt of the Believers did with theirs I cannot tell.

It was much about this Time, (as I take it) that being in *Southwark* I heard that *John Potter* was at a Meeting hard by, and had the Gift of Bleſſing: Upon the News of which, I immediately poſted away, to partake of what (I then thought) a great Favour. By that Time I got there, almoſt all in the Room were bleſt, as I afterwards found, and making up to the Prophet, the next Vacancy, I preſented my ſelf on my Knees, and had the Prophet's Hands laid on me, who ſpoke the following Words,

THE Spirit is willing; and I will ſo ſtrengthen thee: Thou art not forgotten by me. I remember thee in thy Bonds; but know, I will make hard Things eaſy in a little Time. Rejoice in this, that thou canſt call upon thy God. The Hearts of all are in my Hands, and as the Rivers of Waters, I will turn them: But thou ſhalt be exercis'd. I will appear for thee. Be thou faithful in thy Station; therein thou obeyeſt me. Thou ſhalt receive my Spirit. It ſhall operate in thee. Thou ſhalt bleſs my People, and thoſe thou liveſt with, ſhall kneel be-

fore thee. See thy Heart is upright in Humi-ty. Receive this, praiſe my Name. Take al Opportunities to obey my Commands. In ſ doing, thou wilt incur my Favours, and oblig me to manifeſt my ſelf unto thee, more and more,

While the Spirit was ſpeaking to me thus, I remember I was affected, as believing God immediately ſpoke to me very ſuitable to my Caſe. But to proceed,

The Spirit had now commanded ſeveral of the inſpir'd and others to leave off their Trades, which they accordingly did, *viz. John Potter*, who was a Packer in *Aldermanbury*, in good Buſineſs, and in a thriving way, *Thomas Dutton*, a Lawyer, who as I am inform'd, flung himſelf out of a very conſiderable Yearly Income upon this Affair, *Nathaniel Sheppard*, a young Apothecary, juſt coming into the World, (a Man, whoſe Fellow for his ſober Converſation, exquiſite Senſe and Parts, and other Acompliſhments, to do him Juſtice, I muſt needs ſay, I never in all my Life met with, conſidering his Age,) with ſeveral others, I ſhall not, leſt I be too tedious, here mention.

We were now pretty well moddel'd, as a Body of People, and the Spirit commanded each Family or Believer for themſelves to lay up Six Months Proviſions of thoſe Eatables that would keep, for that there ſhould be a very ſore Famine in a few Days, and ſeveral of the Inſpir'd had Viſions, as they ſaid, thereof, which repreſented Numbers of Perſons dropping down dead in the Streets for Hunger, and ſeveral Howling, as ready to periſh. Accordingly each Family bought in or had ſent in, large Quantities of Proviſions, and ſeveral fine Things were ſaid to us, of God's Bleſſings, *&c.* relating thereto. I remember my Mother bought in a Quantity of Meal, Peas, Beef, Pork, Oil, Raiſins, Red-Herrings, and the like. This was much about the Time the Noiſe was, of the Perſon call'd the Pretender his being about to make his firſt Deſcent upon *Scotland*.

I well remember, having a great Love for my Maſter *Tookey*, I was concern'd in my Mind, whether to acquaint him with the approaching Famine, (for him to prepare) or not, he never believing the leaſt Tittle of what the Prophets pretended to; at laſt after great Conſideration, I concluded, That when

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the Famine came, I would give him ſome of the Proviſion which my Mother laid up for me, ſparing it out of my own Belly, to keep him from ſtarving.

We were likewiſe commanded to go and be mark'd in the Forehead by an Old French Woman nam'd *Rous*, dwelling ſomewhere about the *Seven-Dials*; for that an Angel had appear'd to her, and ſo order'd. Upon which I went one Firſt-Day, with ſeveral other ſober People, who were alſo mark'd, which was done by dipping her Finger into a baſon of Water, and rubbing it on the Forehead, (and I think croſſing, but of that I wont be poſitive.) We were here told that we muſt read over one of *David*'s Pſalms, every Day, or Night which I took care to do for ſeveral Days ſucceſſively, and ſometimes after I had done Work, and was weary, I would hurry the reading over, ſcarce knowing, even as to the Letter, what I read. Such was my ſtupid Ignorance and ſpiritual Blindneſs.

We were likewiſe commanded to meet by Sevens, having Seven Candles lighted, which was accordingly put in Practice. But I being an Apprentice, could not be preſent at any of thoſe Meetings, ſo can give no Account of what was ſaid or done there.

There were alſo very often Love-Feaſts commanded, which were perform'd by ſelect Companies meeting at proper Places, and after having eat and drank what they had a Mind to of what was provided, which was generally very good, the Spirit would come upon one or more of the Inſpir'd, who would adminiſter the Sacrament (as tis call'd) of Bread and Wine, to all Perſons preſent. There were alſo *Love-Meetings* commanded by the Spirit, which were abominable, but of thoſe hereafter.

The Sacrament of Bread and Wine was ſeveral Times adminiſter'd without the Love-Feaſts, and I intending to receive that moſt holy Ordinance, (as I thought it) took Care to prepare my ſelf according to my vain Imaginations, *viz.* by reading a Book or Books wrote upon that Subject, ſaying my Prayers, upon my Knees, &c.

The Time being come, for the Performance whereof, I went one Firſt Day to the Dwelling Houſe of *James Jackſon* in *George-Court* in *Jones*'s, when being conducted into an upper Room, where was a Table ſpread with a Linnen-Cloth, and after having ſat down waiting ſome Time, the Spirit came upon *John Potter*, and ſeveral others, whom after ſpeaking a

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great deal, ſomewhat ſuitable to the Occaſion, I received the Bread with ſeveral others, from the Hands of *John Potter*, and the Cup from *Elias Marion* a Frenchman, who ſpoke all in *French*, and of which I did not underſtand one Word, except *Mon Enfant*, *My Child*, or ſo. What was ſpoken by *John Potter* was much to the ſame Purpoſe as is generally ſpoken by the Diſſenting Teachers, but with this Difference, as the latter when they are celebrating that Ordinance, ſpeak to their People as Men, ſaying, *Behold your dying Lord, as repreſented*, &c. the Prophets ſpoke as *JEHOVAH* to this Effect, *Behold the Fleſh of my Son, behold the Blood of my Chriſt*, with many other ſuch like affecting Words. At the ſame Time of receiving with me, there was one *Nathan Finkly*, (to the beſt of my Remembrance,) a Furrier, now dwelling at the Sign of the *Lamb*, betwixt *Watling-ſtreet* and the End of *Queen-ſtreet*, one *Ebenezer Draycot*, a Printer, Apprentice to the Widow *Everingham*, and a little Girl of about Seven or eight Years of Age, with ſeveral others. After we had receiv'd, and had had a great deal of flattering Stuff ſaid to each of us, we roſe up off our Seats, to make room for others. What was ſpoken in *French*, was afterwards read in *Engliſh*.

Theſe and ſeveral other Commands were implicitly obey'd by the Body of Believers which now were not for Number inconſiderable, and had the Spirit commanded a thing never ſo vile, we were by this Time ſo modell'd, as punctually to obey it, as I ſhall ſhew hereafter ſeveral in a more private Capacity did.

Nor was the Spirit preſiding in the Prophets, leſs wonderful in its Predictions, than it was in its Commands, and not only out of the Mouth of one or Two of them, but of all of them, ſome few Inſtances I ſhall here inſert, among ſome of the ſeveral Hundreds that were utter'd at diſtinct Times under the Operation of their Spirit.

And firſt, it was propheſy'd by ſeveral of the inſpir'd, that *John Potter* ſhould never ſpeak by a wrong Spirit, under Agitation, but ſhould always infallibly utter the the pure Truth of the Mind and Will of the Holy and Eternal God. For my Part I had ſuch a thorough Belief of the Divinity of the Spirit preſiding, that had *John Potter* under Operation, commanded me to kill my Father, Mother, or even the late Queen on the Throne, I ſincerely believe I ſhould immediately have attemped it. To ſuch a Heighth of Diabolical Madneſs was I with others, arriv'd to!

It was prophecy'd by *John Potter* and ſeveral others, that the late Queen *Anne* ſhould become a Propheteſs, and be agitated in like Manner as they were, the Spirit calling her by the Name of, *My Servant Anne*, that ſhe ſhould go to *Barbican*, which Place was prophecy'd ſhould become more noted over the whole World, than ever *Jeruſalem* had been, and there preach the everlaſting Goſpel, and that the Queen ſhould give to *Mary Beer*, my Wifes own Siſter, (whom he took upon his Knee,) the right Hand of Fellowſhip, as her elder Siſter, as being the elder Propheteſs.

It was prophecy'd alſo by *John Potter*, and ſeveral others, that on the 25th Day of *March* following (for ſo the Prophets Spirit call'd it, like the *Heathens*) *Fire and Brimſtone* ſhould be poured from Heaven to the conſuming the City of *London* and all the wicked therein. But all thoſe who believ'd in this Appearance, ſhould be wonderfully preſerv'd. The Day prefix'd being come, a Prophet came to a Neighbour of my Fathers, where were ſeveral of the Believers, and was ſeiz'd by the Spirit, and pronounc'd a Warning to the purpoſe as follows, *My Children, now even now are my Judgments deſcending upon the City, now is Fire and Brimſtone pouring from Heaven*, &c. Upon which I was inform'd ſome went as far as *London-Bridge*, to ſee whether it was ſo, but found there was nothing in it.

It was alſo predicted by ſeveral, if not all, of the Prophets and Propheteſſes, they ſhould have the Power of ſtriking dead on the ſpot all their Oppoſers, that when they ſhould be mobb'd at *Barbican*, &c. ſuch miraculous Powers ſhould be given them, as with a Word of their Mouth ſuch a Slaughter ſhould be made, as that they ſhould walk over Shoes in the Blood of their Enemies: Nay, further, it was ſaid by *Cavalier*, that a Boat ſhou'd ſail in the Streets, in the Blood of the Slain.

It was likewiſe predicted by ſeveral, that when the miraculous Powers were given to em to inflict, that they ſhould then be proſecuted as Conjurers, Witches, and as having to do with familiar Spirits: and poor Lord chief Juſtice *Holt* (ſince dead) was thundringly threaten'd by the Spirit in *John Potter*, that while he was ſitting to give Judgment, the Blood ſhould burſt out of his Veins from Head to Foot, and that he ſhould in an Agony, cry out, to this Effect, *Behold the Judgments of the Great God upon me, by the Hands of his Servants.*

It was alſo predicted that ſuch a Deſolation ſhould be in this Land, as that the Living ſhould not be enough to bury

the Dead, and *John Lacy* had a doleful Sign of the ſame, by a melancholly *Toll, Toll, Toll*, in imitation of a Paſſing-Bell. We were alſo commanded, to pray for the haſtening of the Judgments, on the Heads of our Enemies.

At another Time, *John Lacy* and my Siſter both under the Operation of the Spirit, perform'd a Sign, as they call'd it, which was as follows, *John Lacy* repreſented a Jaylour, *Mary Keimer* one of the inſpir'd being about to be caſt into Priſon for her Prophecies. After many ſtrange Paſſages between 'em, *John Lacy* cries out, in way of Ridicule and Laughter, *Moll, Moll, Moll*, where are your Prophecies now *Moll*? much like a Clown on the Stage. And I ſuppoſe *Moll* was not behind hand in her Performances to make the Sign compleat.

It was likewiſe prophecy'd, that *Mary Keimer* ſhould go to *France*, and there ſpeak to the late *French* King, who ſhould upon his Diſobedience be immediately ſtruck dead by her Mouth.

This Prophecy was confirm'd by Viſion, as were many others, of the like Stamp.

It was alſo predicted, and Times ſet for the Performance of all Sorts of Miracles, and *John Lacy* imagin'd he had receiv'd Earneſts of the ſaid Gifts, and a Miracle was ſaid to be wrought by him upon *James Jackſon*, in reſtoring him to Sight, after he had been blind many Years. I thought this a little ſtrange, when ſome Time after, I ſaw the ſame *Jackſon* led along as a blind Man, not able to ſee his Way. However, this poor old Man fancy'd he could ſee, and publiſh'd a Half Sheet of Paper to cry up the Miracle.

The Time being come, that Dr. *Emes* was to riſe, according to *John Potter*, the infallible Prophet, and the reſt of the inſpir'd's Prediction, we did not go to the Place appointed, according to Order, though there was one or more commanded that very Day to attend there. Thus tho' in every thing we found our ſelves diſappointed, yet ſo deeply rooted were we in this Deluſion, that all the Reaſon, ſolid Arguments and plain Scriptures that were brought by our Friends, to convince us of our grand Miſtake, prov'd ineffectual.

The 30th of the ſame Month, being the Firſt Day of the Week after the Day the Doctor was to be rais'd, *John Potter* at a Meeting, had a very comical Warning, wherein he mimicked the ſeveral Preachers on that Day, who were telling their Hearers they might now ſee how the falſe Prophets had diſcover'd

cover'd themſelves, &c. bantering and ridiculing the ſaid Preachers, in his Warning, at a great rate, telling us the Wiſdom of Man ſhould be baffled, confounded and brought to nought, with ſeveral ſmooth exhortatory Precepts, to continue ſtedfaſt in our Faith, &c. At the cloſe of the Meeting, *John Glover* had the Gift of Bleſſing, to all preſent; and mine was as follows.

O my Child, I have ſaid that thou ſhalt be a Miniſter Extraordinary in this Diſpenſation; and in Order thereunto, I will viſit thee with my Holy Spirit: Thou ſhalt receive it in great Abundance: It ſhall deſcend upon thee viſibly in cloven Tongues of Fire. Thou ſhalt receive the Gift of Languages, the Gift of healing all manner of Diſeaſes. Thou ſhalt receive the Gift of Revelation, by which it will be maſeſt that thou art inſpir'd by the All-wiſe God, who only knows the Thoughts of the Children of Men. Thou ſhalt not always be bound to an Earthly Maſter; No; thou ſhalt be at Liberty from thoſe Bonds, before the Time be expired, which was agreed upon betwixt thee and him. Draw near to me, by thy Prayers. Lift up thy Heart unto me, in ſecret, and I will reward thee, openly. Go in Peace, my Child, my Bleſſing is upon thee.

My Reader may here perceive the fine deluſive Promiſes of the Devil, very agreeable to the corrupt Part of Man! and juſt after ſuch a Shock as the Failure of raiſing Dr. *Emes* had given us. Nor were ſuch Promiſes made to me alone, but to many others, at the ſame, or at other Times.

I well remember in the Bleſſing of *Nathaniel Shephard*, an Apothecary, there was this Advice, *That he ſhould take great Care of himſelf, for that when the Gifts of healing all manner of Diſeaſes was given him, which would be in a little Time, his Fellow-Traders,* (meaning the Apothecaries) *would ſay,* Come,

let us give this Fellow a Doſe of Poyſon, for he will quickly take away all our Buſineſs.——— As if it was likely a Man endu'd with all ſorts of miraculous Gifts, need fear being hurt by the private Malice of his Neighbour. Stupendious Folly!

The many Failures which had came from the Mouths of the Inſpir'd, and many of a publick Nature, began to give ſome People a little Uneaſineſs, fearing they were not of God. Upon which, *Nicholas Facio*, a great Mathematician, a Member of the Royal Society, and one, as 'tis ſaid, who underſtands well to ſpeak and write 52 Languages. This Man writes a very cunning and ſubtle Expoſition on the 22d Verſe of the 18th Chapter of *Deuteronomy*, viz. *When a Prophet ſpeaketh in the Name of the LORD, if the thing follow not, nor come to paſs that* is *the Thing which the LORD hath not ſpoken, but the Prophet hath ſpoken it preſumptuouſly: thou ſhalt not be afraid of him.* This Expoſition was ſo cunningly made, that I no verily believe had twenty Jeſuits join'd together in Conſu they could not have given a more clever Turn to ove throw the Meaning of ſo clear a Text, as this *Facio* did. T Expoſition was handed about amongſt Believers, and I thi not without its intended Succeſs.

Much about this Time, a Schiſm aroſe amongſt us, occaſion by one *Whitrow*, an *Engliſh Prophet*, one who had receiv'd many great Promiſes, to do mighty Things. This *Whitrow* had got Sir *Richard Bulkely* over to his Side, (who was a Man of Subſtance, having, as I have been inform'd, ſome Thouſands *per Ann.* and 30,000 *l.* in Cash,) with ſome others. No ſooner was this Separation made, but *Whitrow* in his Warnings, preaches up the Doctrine of *Levelling*, or, that the Rich muſt part with all their Eſtates, and become poor, if ever they deſign'd to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. This Doctrine was oppos'd by the Spirit, thro' *John Lacy*, who himſelf was worth about 2,000 *l. per Ann.* and in a very rational and ſcriptural Diſcourſe, the Doctrine of *Levelling* was expos'd and confuted. The Warning was order'd to be ſent to Sir *Richard* for Information that he was under a Deluſion, calling *Whitrow* a Deceiver.

Several of the Inſpir'd had Viſions much about the ſame Time, of the dreadful Judgments that were to fall upon *Whitrow*, and particularly one had a Viſion of him, ſeeing him with his Head ſplit in twain, one half of which hanging over one

Shoul-

lder, and the other Part over the other Shoulder, with ay other ſad Things, full as ridiculous.

A little before this Separation of Sir *Richard*, *Whitrow*, tho' a Prophet, had beat his Wife in a lamentable Manner with a Horſewhip for committing Adultery with another Man. The poor Woman at firſt deny'd it, and the Spirit thro' *John Glover*, aſſerted her Innocence, againſt *Whitrow*. However being reprov'd by the Light of Chriſt, ſhe in a little Time after confeſs'd her Guilt, and declar'd ſhe had ſeveral Times committed that Sin for which her Husband had beat her, tho' the Spirit thro' many of the Inſpir'd had bleſs'd and flatter'd her to a great Degree.

Sir *Richard Bulkely* however, being deluded by *Whitrow*, would by no means hearken to the Spirit, thro' the other Prophets, nay, not to *John Lacy* himſelf, who had done an extraordinary Miracle upon him, as he had before given out in one of his printed Books, and tho' he had been promis'd to be made ſtrait, (having been many Years very crooked) nothing could prevail with him to return to the Body of the Prophets.

Whitrow by this Time, having made ſure of Sir *Richard*, quickly got rid of the reſt ſiding with him, and then had Commands, for them both to go up and down the Countries, in *England* and *Ireland*, and give away Sir *Richard*'s Money to the Poor. Accordingly *Sir Richard* in the Simplicity of his Heart, readily obey'd, laying out his Money, by the Hands of *Whitrow*, in Bread, Meat, Clothes, which were given away in great Quantities to the Poor, in the ſeveral Countries they came to. After the Money they had by them, was exhauſted, and they ſeemingly wanted, (till freſh Supplies could be remitted from *London*, &c.) on a ſudden to their great Surprize, they found pieces of Gold, in the midſt of a Half-penny or Penny-Loaf, (ſuppos'd to be put there by the Contrivance of *Whitrow*) which Sir *Richard* would cry up as a great Miracle. At other Times, *Whitrow* would have Warnings bidding him go to ſuch and ſuch a Place, where he ſhould find ſuch and ſuch Moneys: Accordingly they would go and find it exactly, as foretold: Upon which Sir *Richard*, with Hands and Eyes lift up to Heaven, would give God Thanks for this pretended Miracle, tho' as tis ſaid, nothing leſs than the black Villany of *Whitrow*, who had before put it there.

Thus

Thus was this poor Man led up and down for a Year, 2 or Three, till at laſt having made away moſt, if not al could (as I am credibly inform'd) ſeeing his fatal Miſtake, bro his Heart, and quickly dy'd.

Whitrow after this, was very rich, liv'd at a great Rate, and kept his Chariot; but whether he got the Money, by Mira-cle, or out of Sir *Richard*, I'll leave to my Reader's Judgment to determine.

At a Meeting in *Lombard-ſtreet*, one Firſt Day, *Thomas Dut-ton* had the Gift of Bleſſing, and ſpoke to me as follows,

THOU ſhalt confound thoſe that do ſpeak a-gainſt this my Appearance unto thee. Thou ſhalt ſee how I will work. They that think themſelves ſo wiſe, ſhall be found covered with Shame and Folly. Give thou not heed unto the Advice of Men, who counſel according to the Wiſdom of this World, which is Fooliſhneſs be-fore God: Do they teach a turning of the Back upon the World, a taking up the Croſs, and fol-lowing the Lord? No, they teach a turning the Back upon the Lord, and engaging with the World. It is not with them, firſt ſeek the King-dom of God and his Righteouſneſs; but it is, firſt ſeek the Riches, the Pleaſures of this World, and then the Kingdom of God: They act as if it were to be added unto 'em. But before your Lord was to enter into his Glory, he was to endure Sufferings, Trials, Tribulations, a Croſs. That's the Way; and every true Chriſtian, true Diſci-ple of the Lord, does find, that that is the Way, by which he muſt arrive at the Joy of his Lord. Seek thou unto God only, ſeek unto him by ear-neſt Prayer. Regulate thy Life and Converſa-tion, according to the Directions that he has laid

down

down in his Word. Endeavour with all thy Might, to keep thy ſelf unſpotted from the World. Be thou ready. Prepare thy Veſſel, that when I call, thou may'ſt anſwer, *Lord, I am here ready to do thy Will.* Take Care of Snares and Temptations. Be thou always upon thy Watch. Let not any thing ſeduce thee unto Evil; nor do thou conform thy Converſation to that of thoſe who ſpeak lightly and contemptuouſly of this my Appearance. The Eye of God is every where: Wherever thou art, thou art in his Preſence: Conſider that; do his Will, and it will be a Joy unto thee. My Peace, my Love, and my Bleſſings are upon thee. Go in Peace.

My Chriſtian Reader may here behold a lively Inſtance of Satan's transforming himſelf into an Angel of Light, and how far the Devil may go, in deceiving poor Souls, by this Bleſſing. What can be more cunning and ſubtle, than, after my Reaſon being captivated, and the Light of Chriſt extinguiſh'd in my Soul, to begin with a Promiſe, the moſt ſuitable as can be, to what was my Darling Luſt, *Pride*, viz. *Thou ſhalt confound thoſe that do ſpeak againſt this my Appearance*, &c. then to make a Complaint of the Degenerating and Wickedneſs of Mankind, afterwards, to declare ſeveral excellent Truths, in Oppoſition to them, and laſt of all, to diſmiſs me with a ſoothing flattering, lying Good-By, *My Peace, My Love, and my Bleſſings are upon thee. Go in Peace?* Nor am I wrong in the leaſt, to declare, that this Bleſſing with the reſt, which I receiv'd, and all thoſe given to others, are nothing leſs than damnable Deluſions, as deſtructive to the Souls of thoſe that believe 'em, as the moſt ſtrong Dose of Poyſon is to the Bodies of thoſe who drink it, as I ſhall in the cloſe of my Book, prove to a Demonſtration. But to proceed,

At the ſame Meeting where I receiv'd the above Bleſſing, by *Thomas Dutton*, there were two ſober ingenious young Men, the one was ——— *Eaton*, Son to an eminent Diſſenting Miniſter in the Country, who himſelf was deſign'd for a Preacher,

and the other was *Iſaac Owen*, Son to another Diſſenting Miniſter, ſometime ſince well known to thoſe of the *Presbyterian* Perſwaſion, having wrote ſeveral Books in their Behalf, *viz. Moderation a Vertue*, and *Moderation ſtill a Vertue*, in Anſwer to *Charles Leſly*, and whoſe Life was printed, and ſold by *John Lawrence*, in the *Poultry*) and deſign'd for a Doctor of Phyſick, intending to go to *Holland*, in Order to take his Degrees. This being the firſt Time they ever ſaw the Prophets, as one of 'em told me, by the Plauſible Pretences of the Spirit at that Meeting, they were prevail'd on, to kneel, and receive Bleſſings, and thereby were caught, to both their eternal Ruin, if God, in his infinite Mercy, do not prevent.

In a ſhort Time after ——— *Eaton* went into the Country, and his Father dying, he ſucceded him in Eſtate, and as Preacher to the ſame People; and in the Accounts we had of him, we were inform'd, he had ſeveral Times the Agitations in the Pulpit, while he was preaching; and that after ſome Time, thinking with himſelf, that having the true Spirit of God, he would no longer preach the Study of his own Brain, and therefore laid it down, claps on a long Wig and Sword, travels abroad, to *Rome*, *&c.* kiſſes the *Pope*'s Slipper, and ſome Months ſince, returns to *England*, as compleat, and airy a Gentleman, as moſt are.

As for poor *Iſaac Owen*, he ſtaid in Town, and lodg'd for the moſt Part at Dr. *Angier*'s in *Wallbrook*, wholly declin'd following his intended Study of Phyſick, ſold his Eſtate, expecting the great Revolutions the Spirit had told him of, liv'd upon the Principal, and after having travell'd up and down the Countries, in Miſſions, with the Prophets and Propheteſſes, ſpending his Time and Money, for the Propagating that *Spirit of Confuſion*, went and dwelt meanly with a Relation of his in *Tower-ſtreet*, who told me, having ſpent all to about five or ten Pounds, took it to Heart, ſicken'd, and dy'd.

It was not long after this, another fine Branch ſprouted forth from this Tree of *French Prophecy*, *viz.* One *Harling*, (an Old Woman, a Believer, and one whom, I think, had great Bleſſings too) ſet up for a great Body, pretending to be inſpir'd. This Woman had drawn away a Number of Believers *French* and *Engliſh*, who were at her Diſcretion, and cal'd her ſelf *The Permanent Spring*. Her Way of Diſcipline, as it was ſomething uncommon, ſo it will ſhew, to what a monſtrous Pitch of Madneſs ſeveral were arriv'd to, I ſhall faithfullly

fully relate it as follows. The usual Practice was, that after each of her Followers had confess'd their particular Sins to her, in as full and ample a Manner as possible, she, with a Whip knotted, with sharp Needles or Pins fastned thereto, (they having first enudated themselves, whether Men or Women) would severely whip them, till the Blood issued forth in great abundance. After which, her Practice was, to cleanse 'em, (as she call'd it) by lifting up her own Cloaths, and making Water upon the several Parts that had offended, which she call'd the *Permanent Spring*. Among the many that submitted to this accursed Practice, was one *Spong*, (mentioned in *John Lacy*'s or Sir *Richard Bulkely*'s Books, for a miraculous Cure wrought upon him) who having confess'd himself guilty of *Adultery*, was severely whipp'd, and his *Part* offending, was wash'd by that Beast of a Woman's making Water upon it.

Such hellish and infernal Practices as these were frequently practis'd, under a Belief that it was God commanded it. O abominable! O Hellish!

The Prophets and Propheteſſes had gone Missions, as they term'd 'em, into several Parts of the Kingdom and were now commanded on several more; some went to *Bristol*, *Coventry*, *Worcester*, *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, &c. others went to *Holland*, *Ireland*, *Scotland* and *Wales*. Nor were they without Success in their several Progresses, deluding many sincere People into a Belief of the strange Revolutions approaching, much to the same Purpose as I have before-mention'd, were expected in this City.

The many Failures of Predictions, the strange and unheard of Confusion and Distractions at their Meetings in and about *London*, did not obstruct their issuing in Parties up and down the Countries. Nor was their Preaching or Prophecying there, attended with different Fruits from what they produc'd here. An Instance or two only of which, I shall here give, (for 'twould swell my Account to a very large Volume to insert all the Particulars)

At *Sleeford* in *Lincolnshire*, the Spirit made wretched Work, thro' the Mouth of one *Mary Parks*, (who afterwards was a Servant of mine) commanding the Believers to do several Things, contrary to Sense, Reason and Religion. One Time, she Commanded one of the Believers, (I think 'twas *Samuel Shaw*) to go immediately and give away all his Substance, which the poor deluded Man forthwith readily began to obey,

by ſending for thoſe that ow'd him Money, to give them Receipts, and giving a Sack or Two of Meal to one, ſomewhat to a Second, to a Third, and ſo on: And if I miſtake not, he gave away ſeveral Sums of Money. However, it happen'd, that either the People were honeſt, and would not take his Effects, ſeeing he was under a violent Deluſion, or by ſome other Means, he was prevented from totally ruining himſelf, Wife and Family.

Here it was, that *Henry Pickworth*, a Man well known to many in this City, began to dance to her Pipes, having turn'd his Back on the good Old Way, cut out by Chriſt, and witneſſed to, by his Bleſſed Apoſtles and Followers, and was left to follow his own and others vain Imaginations. The Spirit thro' *Mary*, amongſt many other ridiculous Things, commands her to ride up to *London*, on Horſeback, without Bridle or Saddle, commanding the Believers into an open Place, bidding them cry aloud, *God ſpeed*, which they doing, and ſhe being mounted, cry'd out, *Louder ſtill!* which they endeavouring ſeveral times, as by Command, *Mary* crying out *Louder ſtill!* each Time lifting up their Voice, higher if poſſible, till at laſt the Horſe ſets up a Gallop, rides away with *Mary*, and had not gone far before the poor Girl was canted into a River, and had very probably been drowned therein, had ſhe not been timely relieved.

At another of their Miſſions, one C——— P———g, a Woman of great Sobriety, Senſe and other Accompliſhments, of a great Family, and one that devoted her Time and Subſtance to the Service of God, and the Poor, according to her Knowledge, being of the *National* Perſwaſion; This Woman, tho' vertuous, after ſhe had receiv'd this Diabolical Spirit, under Agitations, would ſpeak very filthy Bawdy, not fit for a ſober Perſon, much leſs a Chriſtian, ſo much as to repeat. With many other Things abominably blaſphemous.

Nor did ſeveral of the Inſpir'd themſelves behave themſelves in the leaſt, like Meſſengers of the Living God, when they went in Parties, as commanded by the Spirit, up and down this Kingdom, *&c.* Sometimes they would call Names, ſpit at one another, ſcratch, tear and fight, ſometimes putting the Families in an Uproar, where they abode.

I remember a Paſſage, as related to me by a Miſſionary, who with one *John Giles* went as *Amanuenſes* to Two Propheteſſes, whoſe Names were *Ann Topham*, and *Mary Turner*. Theſe two

two Propheteſſes quarrelling one Day (as they often us'd to do) among much of their *Bilingſgate* Language, fell a betwitting each other of their Pedigree, while *John Giles* was on his Knees in the next Room, at his Devotions, one telling the other, her Father was but ſo and ſo, and the other twitting her that truly ſhe need not be ſo proud (or ſomewhat to the ſame Effect) for that ſhe was but a *Glover*'s Daughter, when both bounc'd into the Room together, where *Giles* was, and he hearing the Diſpute between them, cries out with great Devotion, *Lord! Is ſhe a Glover's Daughter?* Suppoſing that the Great God would condeſcend to anſwer ſuch a fooliſh Queſtion, in order to accommodate the Quarrels of two ſawcy termagant Creatures! This *Mary Turner*, after ſhe became a Propheteſs, would abuſe, ſcold at, and affront her Companions very virulently, and was the ſame that went to reprove and condemn the People called *Quakers* at their Meeting-Houſe in *White Hart-Court, Lombard-ſtreet.*

Another Time *Anne Topham* having got into one of her Humours, wou'd not join with the others to go to Prayers, (for it ſeems ſome of 'em being willing to wear a Garment of Holineſs, tho' but a Cobweb one, ſaid their Prayers, twice a Day) upon which one of the Miſſionaries) being unwilling ſhe ſhould neglect her Duty, as he ſaid, got a Quantity of Gunpowder one Night, and lighted it, to terrify the poor Wench, making her believe it was the Devil come for her, becauſe ſhe would not ſay her Prayers. However, it put the poor Girl into ſuch violent Fits with the Fright, that it was ſome conſiderable Time before ſhe recover'd. Thus would they travel up and down, more like Strolling-Players in their Behaviour, than the Meſſengers of the Living God. But to return to what more immediately relates to my ſelf.

By this Time I became well acquainted with *John Potter* and *Nathaniel Sheppard*, who were order'd by the Spirit to dwell together inſeparably, the one as a Prophet, the other as his *Amanuenſis*; and indeed thought my ſelf moſt happy, in having a ſtrict Friendſhip with thoſe who (as I did then ſincerely believe) were the Ambaſſadors extraordinary from the *King of Kings*. Whenever we

met, we kiſs'd and and embrac'd one another, with great Love and Affection. Whenever I had any Time or Leave to go out from my Maſter's Buſineſs, I us'd to delight in ſpending it, as much as poſſible, with them. This continued for ſome conſiderable Time, I think near Three Years, in which Time *N. Sheppard* would often read the Warnings to me that were ſpoke at Meetings where I was abſent, which I took great Delight in. All this while theſe two Perſons, with ſeveral others, who had left off their Buſineſs, as by Command of the Spirit, or neglected it, from an Expectation of the great Revolutions that were prophecy'd ſhould happen, liv'd upon the Spend of what they had, till it was almoſt exhauſted. For my own Part, when I was about the End of the Fifth Year of my Apprenticeſhip I was ſo elevated with great Expectations that one Firſt-Day, (being at a *Presbyterian* Meeting-Houſe in *Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*, attending my Miſtreſs who was a Member of that Congregation to which *Benjamin Robinſon* is Preacher, who was then exhorting his People to contribute largely towards the bringing up of young Students for Miniſters,) I could ſcarce forbear crying out aloud, in the midſt of the Congregation, *That there was no Occaſion for giving Money, for that God was come in a wonderful Manner to teach his People himſelf, without the Study at Univerſities*, &c. However, with ſome Difficulty I refrain'd, and conſequently eſcap'd being puniſh'd by mobbing or otherways.

One, if not more of the Prophets had prophecy'd that the *Parſons* ſhould become ſuch a Deriſion to the People, by means of that *Spirit of Prophecy*, that their Canonical Garments ſhould be ſold Four for a Shilling; and the Spirit thro' *John Lacy* calling them *Soul-Brokers*, might put any one in my Caſe, upon ſuch a raſh Action.

Another Time being at my Maſter's, one of the Journeymen having proffer'd to inſtruct me in ſome nice Parts of my Buſineſs, (for ſome Favours he had receiv'd) ſuch as compoſing the *Greek* with the *Ligatures*, &c. which did not immediately or very commonly happen in that Houſe, I refus'd for that Time to learn, believing I ſhould have no Occaſion to follow my Trade in a very little Time, the Spirit telling me, ſo many fine Things, as before-mentioned.

My

My Mother likewiſe imagining great Things, being told by the Spirit thro' *John Potter*, ſhe ſhould be a *Mother in Iſrael*, (the Lord grant, ſhe may come to be a *Babe in Chriſt*,) neglected the Buſineſs ſhe was in, and in a little Time left it off. So infatuated were we all that ſincerely believ'd, that nothing of Intereſt, Reputation, or the like, was regarded to follow and dance after the Pipes of this *Spirit of French Prophecy*.

The Spirit thro' *John Potter*, had ſaid, *My Children, No more Printing*, inveighing likewiſe againſt the *Parſons* for wearing little Bands, having their Pictures in the Frontiſpiece of their Writings, and their Names to their Books, with ſeveral like Things; upon which my Mother was concern'd in mind, about the Trade I was put to, which as the Spirit ſaid, was to be aboliſh'd, but after Conſideration, and reflecting upon the Promiſes made, ſhe became pretty well ſatisfied. But to return again to *Potter* and *Sheppard*.

Our Intimacy continu'd to a great Degree, and as they us'd to communicate of their Spiritual Things to me, ſo I did to the utmoſt of my Power, communicate my temporal Things, which, tho' they were not very conſiderable, yet they proceeded from a Heart full of Love towards them; and if I had had ten Thouſand Pound I would have freely parted with all to the Servants of Chriſt, (as I then thought 'em.)

When *Potter* and *Sheppard* were in the Country upon Miſſions, I have receiv'd Letters from 'em, with ſome Account of their Succeſs, beginning with *Dear Brother in Chriſt*, and ſubſcrib'd, *Your Brethren in Expectation of the Coming of Chriſt, Potter, Sheppard.*

Thus did we go on, Time after Time, expecting this and that Day, to ſee Wonders, according to the Promiſes of the Spirit; and particularly, after a vaſt Number of Diſappointments, the Spirit came upon *Mary Aſpinal* to ſuch a violent Degree, as was aſtoniſhing to the Beholders, and more in the moſt and ſolemn Manner, *That on the* Chriſtmas-Day *following the Holy Ghoſt ſhould deſcend upon them in cloven Tongues of Fire, ſo that they ſhould be able thenceforward to work all Miracles; that they ſhould on that Day, firſt receive the Bread and Wine, and thereby put an End to*

all

all Forms and Shadows, and afterwards receive the Substance, viz. *the miraculous Gifts.* This was confirm'd by the Spirit, thro' others, and a *Viſion* or *Viſions* of the whole was aſſerted to be ſeen on the Day appointed before it came. But the appointed Day being come, the Prophets, &c. went in full Expectation, but found themſelves again diſappointed.

Notwithanding theſe many ſtrange Failures of Prediction which had all along happen'd, the Spirit continu'd to beſtow its Bleſſings on us, at Times, which we firmly believ'd. Amongſt the reſt, mine was as follows, ſpoken by the Mouth of *John Cavalier*, one of the Three that came over from *France*.

I Come in a few Days to take thee from the Work of the World. Thou ſhalt work for me, I tell thee. Thy God, thy God will viſit thee, in a few Days, in his Love. Thou ſhalt receive his Holy Spirit, which ſhall rejoice thy Soul, which ſhall looſen thy Tongue from its Palate, to declare great Things. My Child, I hear thy Prayers: They come even to my Throne. Thou deſireſt to do my Will. Thy Heart is right before me. Thou art well-pleaſing unto me. Thou art without Malice. Ye, all that hear my Voice, ſhall ſee the Body of my Servant agitated with Violence, by my Holy Spirit, in a little Time. The Time that thou ſhalt work for the World, is very ſhort. Thou art elected, and ſanctified from thy Mother's Womb, to carry the Oracles of my Houſe upon the Earth. Let thy Heart be humble in my Preſence. Humility is the Way to come to me. Go in Peace, my Child: Remember theſe Promiſes, to the End that thou may'ſt redouble thy Prayers, as

hou remembreſt them. My Bleſſings are up-
n thee.

My Chriſtian Reader may here again obſerve, how I was reſs'd and flatter'd by the Deluder, being told, that I was *lected and ſanctified from my Mother's Womb*, when I was *poor d miſerable, blind and naked, polluted, and in my Blood, be-g laden with divers Luſts*; That my *Prayers aſcended to the very hrone of God*, when they *were an Abomination*, &c. However, o' I was not ſuch an one as the Spirit ſaid, yet I thought y ſelf ſo, being puff'd up, concluding thoſe Sins I labour'd nder, for Deliverance by my own Strength, ſuch as *Pride, uſt, Ambition*, were the *Spots of God's Children*. Thus went on: But God who is boundleſs in his Love, took pity on e, and with an outſtretched Arm wrought Wonders for my Deliverance, as ſhall towards the Cloſe of my Relation be nſerted.

Some Time after this, I receiv'd another Bleſſing from *Anne opham*, (one that was a very rude Creature, when from un-er Operation, and brought great Reproach from Unbelievers, pon the Diſpenſation) which was as follows,

THEE have I choſen for a great Inſtrument in my Hand. Thou, will I give my Spirit to, n a ſhort Time. Be thou willing, be thou al-ways crying out unto me for Help, and I will elp. I will give thee thy longing Deſire. There-ore my Child, wait thou; I will ſurely perform ny Promiſes unto thee. I will ſurely make thee, glorious Inſtrument: Thou ſhalt not only ſpeak ny Word in this City, but in other Places, in trange Places where they have not heard of me. Go thou in Peace, and make thy ſelf ready to eliver my Word.

Some conſiderable Time after, I receiv'd another Bleſſing rom *Mary Keimer*, my own Siſter, as follows.

Not

NOT long ere I chuſe thee; I have alread called thee, and I will chuſe thee to be a Inſtrument in my Hand. Prepare thy Heart t receive my Holy Spirit; for not long, ere it ſhal be ſent into thy Soul. I know thy Difficulties and I know what thou laboureſt under: But fea thou not, I am on thy Side. I am all-ſufficient to diſperſe thy Enemies in one Moment. But i is not my Will, and until it is, thou muſt wai praying. Therefore, my Child, ſee that thou doſt, for I always hear thee, and thou may'ſ know it, by what thou doſt receive. Go in Peace My Bleſſing is upon thee.

Some Time after this, we were told we muſt be ſingled ou by Tribes, as the Children of *Iſrael* were, and have new Names given us. Accordingly we met, at ſeveral different Times, and at different Places, and the Spirit thro' *Elia Marion*, nam'd abundance that were pick'd out, from amongſt the Believers, amongſt which I was one. What was ſpoken to me, on this Occaſion, was as follows.

JESUS Chriſt invites thee to ſet at his Table Prepare thy Heart; for thou haſt yet ſome Way to go. But he comes to ſtrip thee of thy old Garments, and cloth thee with his Spirit That *Bread is a Sign unto thee, that thou ſhalt receive the Bread of Angels in thy Heart, which is the Spirit of Jeſus Chriſt, proceeding from him and the Father.

I will enlighten thy Soul in a few Days: I will open the Door of thy Heart, to cauſe my Spirit to flow into it: I will eſtabliſh thee in my Houſe.

---

* *Here he gave me a Piece of Bread like what they call* Shrewsbury-Cake, *which he took out of his Coat-Pocket.*

House, to be a Prophet unto my People: I will give thee a Great and Glorious Miniſtry; The Day draws near wherein thou ſhalt poſſeſs thy Soul with the Patience of Jeſus Chriſt; for I will send thee my Spirit, to nouriſh thy Soul in the Hope of Eternal Life. Wherefore I bleſs thee in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Thy Name ſhall be **Jonathan**, the Son of *Saul*. Thou ſhalt be an Inſtrument of Peace and Bleſſing in my Houſe; for from this very Day, they do reſt upon thee.

After this Bleſſing and Pageantry was over, *Nicholas Facio*, who ſate at a Table as a Writer, gave to each of us a little Piece of Parchment, about 2 Inches Diameter, on which was Writing. What was on mine was as follows:

JONATHAN of the Tribe of *Aſer*. *Keep this as a precious Pearl.*

This indeed I did keep as a precious Pearl for a conſiderable Time, it being ſown up in the Green Ribbon before-mentioned. And had any Perſon proffer'd me Ten Thouſand Pound for my Piece of Parchment, ſo bigotted was I, that I would not have took the Mony for it.

It pleas'd the Divine Diſpoſer of all Things, that *Nathaniel Sheppard* (notwithſtanding the many Promiſes made to him by the Spirit) was taken ill of a lingring Sickneſs, and growing worſe and worſe, tho' he had the ableſt Human Help could be got, his Life was diſpair'd of; upon which the Spirit declar'd, *Mary Keimer* ſhould go and pronounce him whole. But ſhe being very unwilling to deliver ſuch a Meſſage, having been ſo often diſappointed, the Spirit thro' her own Mouth, ſeverely reprov'd and threaten'd her, notwithſtanding which, ſhe ſtill was obſtinate, and reſiſted. Afterwards being where *Nathaniel Sheppard* was, the Spirit came upon *John Potter* very violently, (who was likewiſe there) and terribly reprov'd and threaten'd her for her Diſobedience, commanding her ſtill to obey, which ſhe with the greateſt Reluctance poſſible, at laſt

laſt did, by going to the Sick Man, under violent Agitations and pronouncing him whole. However, notwithſtanding all which, in a little while after, he departed this Life, to the Grief of all that knew him, and was buried near Doctor *Emes*, in *Bunhill-Fields*, attended by a Company of Friends, and amongſt the reſt, the Author of this Relation, who was indeed a true Mourner for him.

After the Death of *Nathaniel Sheppard*, who had been join'd to *John Potter*, the Spirit came upon the latter, and ſpoke as follows, which I printed on a Half-Sheet of fine Paper, fit to put into a Frame with a Glaſs, and gave 'em away to the Believers, at my own Charge.

By John Potter, *under the Operation of the* Eternal Spirit, *on* Friday, Feb. 2. *relating to the Death of Mr.* Nathaniel Sheppard, *who departed this Life on* Thurſday February *the* 1ſt, 1711.

The Righteous ſhall be in everlaſting Remembrance.
Pſal. cxii. 6.

IN thy Hands, O Lord, are the Iſſues of Life: Thou giveſt, and Thou takeſt away: Bleſſed be thy Name for ever. I will magnify thy Name, I will declare thy loving-Kindneſs, in the midſt of the Congregation of thy People. For, Thou art good: And in all thy Diſpenſations thou deſigneſt Good to thy Children. This is the humble Confeſſion of thy Servant, whoſe Soul ſeeks after Reſignation, in this his ſore Affliction; which, *for the preſent is not joyous but grievous:* Yet, hath a comfortable Aſſurance, that it will *yield the peaceable Fruits of Righteouſneſs.* O Lord, what beſides thy Hand can ſupport? What beſides Almighty Strength can bear me up? Thou haſt fulfilled thy † Word to thy Servant, in removing the *Deſire of his Eyes.* Wilt thou not fulfill thy Word, in renewing thy Loving-Kindneſs, in being

† *This relates to what the Spirit had ſaid in private, the Day before the Death of* Nathaniel Sheppard.

to him more than all terrene Enjoyments? I humbly wait upon thee, with full Expectation, that, thou wilt come in, and in a more abundant manner repleniſh my Soul; thereby making up all Deficiency. Thy Preſence I prefer before all neareſt and deareſt Friends: Give me That continually, and it ſhall ſuffice.

I will fulfil to Thee, every Tittle of my Word. It may ſeem to thee that I have remov'd from Thee the only Support of thy Life: But, if I my Self *become principal to thee, and in thee, where is thy Loſs? I ſay, thy Gain, as HIS is, ſhall be exceeding great.*

Then, the Lord will, notwithſtanding All, fulfil his Promiſes!

Yes, I will, I will, I will: Yes, I will, My Self, *ſupply* His *Place.*

Then bleſſed be God for this Separation! Bleſſed be God for this Diſſolution! ſince it is to diſengage from all Things that's viſible, that He who is Inviſible may preſide, and have the Preheminence in my Heart; where is the Seat of Affection. I bleſs thee, O Lord, for Him, becauſe the *Dead cannot praiſe thee*; that thou haſt given Him *Reſt from all his Labours*; and haſt, *from henceforth*, declar'd *Him bleſſed.*

O bleſſed Soul! that has taken to it ſelf the Wings of Eternity, and therewith has ſoar'd to an eternal World! How much happier art thou than we are, who are only able to mount as with Eagles Wings: Thy Reſt is in Infinity, whilſt we remain fluttering in Shades of Light; which, at Times, are darkned by many Clouds. How great is the Diſproportion between the Soul that enjoys a perpetual Viſion of God, and that which only ſees the Lord as thro' a Perſpective, at a great Diſtance, thro' many Clouds, and ſometimes has the Light fully obſcur'd by Darkneſs?

How long, O Lord, ere we ſhall ſhare in that Bleſſedneſs? How long, O Lord, ere we ſhall put off this Earthly Tabernacle, and be cloath'd upon with Immortality, and Eternal Life? How long, O Lord, ere we ſhall be felicitated with the clear Beholding of thy Divine Preſence, without Intermiſſion?——

So run, that ye may obtain.

He fought a good Fight, He hath finiſh'd his Courſe: He, to the laſt, kept the Faith. He hath receiv'd a Crown of Glory: Which is a Warrant from God, ſeal'd with the KING's Signet, bearing this Inſcription, *Victory, Victory, Victory over Death and Hell*; to paſs no more Changes.

Nothing equivalent with Death can approach thee, *NATHANIEL*, thou *Iſraelite, in whom there was no Guile.* Have Him in Chriſtian Veneration, ye who were acquainted with Him: And, tho' He be dead, in a Senſe to you, yet; let not his Memory die, amongſt you. For, He was faithful unto his God; a Lover of Vertue, and an utter Enemy to Vice. This, is the Character He bore, ever ſince I call'd Him. Beſides, a Lover of his LORD, and all they who bore his Image was He.

But notwithſtanding theſe, and other Excellencies, which lodg'd in his Soul; yet in his Body did natural Weakneſſes remain: For which I beheld Him not criminal, becauſe He lov'd me unto the Death, and bore Teſtimony of me, to thoſe that ſurvive; and was not aſhamed to *confeſs* God in the preſent Work; notwithſtanding the many Exerciſes, both within, and from without, and from my Word: But, by a true Spirit of Wiſdom, made He All to center in God, who is Incomprehenſible.

Learn ye this great Leſſon, and your Peace ſhall encreaſe; and when under the greateſt Trial of Faith, ye ſhall know your ſelves to be moſt ſtrong in God.

It was by Faith, that, He endur'd Affliction. It was by Faith, that, He made Promiſes in the Literal Senſe, preſent, to center in the future; as knowing, that there is no *paſt, preſent*, nor *future* Tenſe in God. And, by Faith, He repeated his Lord's Words, *Father, into thy Hands I commit my Spirit.* So gat He the Victory over Death: And now ſwims in an Ocean of *Light, Life* and *Love*:

From whence ye receive, by Communications, but ſmall Drops, which refreſh and cheer when drooping. And if ye find a Drop ſo enlivening, that ye are not able to expreſs the Sweetneſs of it, how great is the Felicity they enjoy, who are in a full Poſſeſſion? who receive not by Meaſure, as ye do, but are bleſſed out of Meaſure?

Wait ye patiently, and be diligent in the Vocation ye are call'd unto; and the God of all Glory ſhall crown your Labours with an Eternal Enjoyment of Himſelf: Touching which Bleſſing, ye are not able to frame the leaſt Ideas *of.*

Holy, and Eternal God, we offer up, this Evening, upon the Altar, which ſanctifieth the Gift, our Sacrifice of Prayer and Praiſe: For, we cannot but adore thy Name, for ſuch a Revelation as this thou haſt bleſs'd us with. We pray thee, that it may find a Place in our Hearts: That, being truly affected

fected with thy Love, we may ſee all Viſibilities, as we do Atoms in the Sun; Things of no Worth, of no Duration. We do confeſs, that all, the greateſt, and beſt of all outward Enjoyments, are no other than Vapours, which only appear for the preſent, and are gone in a Moment.

Teach us thy ſelf, and we ſhall be wiſe to diſcern; and not only know, but chooſe the chiefeſt Good: Lord, teach us by every Diſpenſation, whether to us in particular, or in a general Way to the World. And, teach me, one of the weakeſt, and unworthieſt of all thou haſt called *Children*, that, from this Croſs, I may learn to walk more cloſely with thee, and in the Sincerity of my Heart to obey thee; being ſimple in all my Actions, faithful in all my Endeavours, having an Eye ſingle to thy Glory. For, beſides thy ſelf, I am left alone; Thou having taken from me the Bleſſing thou didſt beſtow. But, it is the Lord, let him do what he pleaſeth. And, ſince thou gaveſt Him me but for a Time, thou haſt, I know, in thine own Time remov'd Him; and I hope, and believe, for Good to me, tho' at preſent it doth not appear, in ſo viſible a Manner. But as all Times and Seaſons are in thy Hand, I will wait for a Manifeſtation of that Good deſign'd me by this Providence.

Encreaſe my Faith, Patience, and Reſignation to thy Will, Meekneſs, and Humility. Teach me, Lord, how to bear the Croſs, how to deny my ſelf. For I ſee there's a Neceſſity of learning *That* great Leſſon more than ever I did before.

Its well thou ſeeſt That; and, it is well thou knoweſt the Time when thou didſt not ſee it. Make that a Part of the Good deſign thee, in taking Part of thy Self *from thee. And weep not: But wait in full Expectation of a glorious Harveſt, when thou ſhalt reap Joy for Sorrow, and inſtead of* Weeping, *ſhalt return bearing thy* Sheaves, rejoycing *in Him who is thy* All, *the Lord God Almighty. Let Patience poſſeſs thy Soul, for my Peace is there.*

After *Nathaniel Sheppard*'s Death, *John Potter* and I had a more ſtrict and intimate Friendſhip, and we us'd often to lodge together for Conveniency of being at Meetings, *&c.* Sometimes he would be with me at the Widow *Moreton*'s Houſe in *Long-Walk*, near the *Blew-Coat Hoſpital*, where we had Meetings, and ſometimes I would lodge with him, at the Houſe of *William Draycot*, in *Tooley-ſtreet, Southwark.* Our Friendſhip con-

tinu'd thus, a great while, and was as ſtrict as that of *Davi* and *Jonathan* mention'd in Sacred Writ. On my Side, it wa ſo great, that it became a Proverb among ſeveral in *Southwark* when they ſaw *John Potter*, that they would ſay, *Here com* Sam Keimer's *Idol*.

I ſhould have before acquainted my Reader, that about fiv Months before the Time of my Apprenticeſhip was expired an Offer was made to me, as whether it would be any Ad vantage for me to print ſome Warnings commanded by th Spirit to be printed. Accordingly I readily conſented, not ſ much with a View of Profit, as thinking my ſelf bleſt in bein any ways inſtrumental to publiſh (what I thought) the Oracle of God, to a ſinful World; and thereupon agreed with m Maſter for juſt five Months of my Time, for which I gave hi Ten Pounds, which I had of my Mother. After which I prin ed the Book at my Maſter's, allowing him ſomewhat beſides fo the Uſe of his Letter. How I behav'd my ſelf as a Servan my Maſter will ſatisfy any curious Enquirer. I ſhall only ſa this of my ſelf, which my own Conſcience bears Witneſs to, *was no Eye-Servant*, and diſpleas'd my Maſter in nothing mo than in following the Prophets.

After I went from him, he having then no conſtant Buſine for a Journeyman, I went to work at *Thomas Grantham's* i *Bartholomew-Cloſe*, from thence to the Widow *Everingham* in *Ave-mary Lane*, then to *William Pearſon's* who dwelt i *Jewin-ſtreet*, and laſt of all at *Thomas Ilyff's* in *Alderſgate-ſtree* at all which Places, I printed ſome of the *Prophets* Book ſome of which were at my own Charge, being very zealous, an to my Knowledge, don't remember that I behav'd my ſelf, i thoſe Places, diſſonant in the leaſt from a ſober honeſt Man.

All this while which was about Three Years, after I w out of my Time, I with the reſt of the Believers continu'd i great Expectations of approaching Changes, according what the Spirit had ſo often ſaid, (and continu'd ſtill to d clare at Times) ſhould happen.

Our Meetings were generally kept at the Dwelling-Hou of *Francis Moult*, then dwelling in *Watling-ſtreet*, *Joſeph Tow* in *Lombard-ſtreet*, *Samuel Noble* in *Long-Walk*, and *Willia Draycot*, in *Southwark*, and at one *Cock's* in *Vine-Office-Cou Flees-ſtreet*. At which Places the Spirit continu'd at Times, do many ſtrange and ſurprizing Performances.

At the Houſe of *Francis Moult*, I have ſeen a Prophet t a Propheteſs by the Hair of the Head, leading her up

down in a very frightful manner, both being under violent Agitations. After which the Prophet turn'd her out of the Room.

In *Lombard-ſtreet*, the Spirit forc'd a Prophet to run both his Hands into the middle of a great Kitchen-Fire, where he held 'em for ſome conſiderable Time, and after he drew 'em forth, there did not ſeem in the leaſt any Sign of Burning; another Time a Prophet took a Caſe Knife, and run it down another Prophet's Throat, under Agitations. How theſe Things could be perform'd, I'll ave to my Reader to determine.

In *Long-Walk* there has been ſuch mad Work as has broke Chairs, Bed, *&c.* where I have ſeen and heard *Rebecca Cuff* a Propheteſs roar out in ſo hideous a manner, *The D-A-V-I-L*, *The D-A-V-I-L*, *The D-A-V-I-L*, that it has terrify'd the Believers themſelves, and had not the Windows of the Rooms we were in, been cloſe ſtopt up with Shutters, Ruggs and Blankets to drown the Noiſe, the Out-cries muſt needs have put the Pariſh in an Uproar.

In *Southwark* there have been a great Number of ſtrange Signs acted, ſuch as I believe never before were heard of. A few only of which, are as follow.

At one of their Meetings, one of the Prophets perſonated GOD, a ſecond the Angel *Gabriel*, a Third the *Devil*, and the Fourth (who was *Mary Beer* a Propheteſs) acted the *Church*. Theſe ſeveral Perſons acted their Parts, under Agitation, in ſuch a frightful Manner, as the very Remembrance of it to this Day fills with Horror; *John Glover*, who acted the *Devil* making ſuch a grim and diſtorted Face, as if indeed he had been a Fiend of Hell in human Shape, pretending a Right to the *Church*, and *John Potter*, (whom I think) perſonated God, threaten'd the *Devil* at a great rate, the *Devil* commanding him that perſonated God, to bleſs the *Church*. After a great deal ſpoke by Way of Dialogue between 'em, each ſtriving which ſhould have the *Church*, who was toſs'd and tumbled to and fro, much like a Football, the Believers were pluck'd down, (by the Inſpir'd under Agitation) into the middle of the Room, and tumbled one on the Top of the other, Heels over Head, wallowing on the Ground in a great heap, in a filthy manner, ſometimes the Spirit tumbling an Inſpir'd down Stairs headlong, enough to have kill'd him

at another time, then making him jump up again in such a Manner as nothing less (in my Opinion) than a real Possession of the Devil, could perform the same. These Pranks continu'd some Hours, and as one of the Believers told me, she with several others being terribly frighten'd, got out of the room, went down Stairs, and lock'd themselves in another Room, upon which a Prophet came thundringly down Stairs, and under Agitations threaten'd to break down the Door if they did not open it, which they doing, were drove all up again, and several more Tricks were play'd, all which were look'd upon to be Signs wrought by the Spirit of God.

At another Meeting, *John Glover* under Agitations, imitated Conjugal Affection with a Prophetess on a Bed, before a Number of Believers present. This was likewise look'd upon as a *Sign*; but of What, I can't tell, except it was, that the Prophet would willingly perform That in Reality, which he did there shew but in Effigies.

Another Time I have seen my Sifter, who is a lusty young Woman, fling another Prophetess upon the Floor, and under Agitations tread upon her Breast, Belly, Legs, &c. walking several Times backwards and forwards over her, and stamping upon her with Violence. This was adjudg'd to be a Sign of the Fall of the *Whore of Babylon*.

At a Meeting in *Vine-Office-Court* there was one *Sarah Wiltshire*, a Woman of great Accomplishments, who had receiv'd fine Promises from the Spirit, who preach'd *That Christ Jesus had interceded with his Father, that the Judgments which the rest of the Prophets had predicted, should not be inflicted.* This Doctrine was oppos'd and exploded by the Spirit thro' *Mary Keimer*, and the Spirit precipitately hurry'd a young Fellow to *Sarah Wiltshire*, and under Agitations, he beat her in a violent manner.

In the Year when Sir *R. Beachcroft* was Lord Mayor of the City of *London*, *James Cuninghame* Laird of *Barns* (Grandson to the Arch-bishop of *Andrews* in *Scotland* who was murder'd by twenty Ruffians, as noted in History) a *Scots* Prophet, came up to *London*, and was commanded to go to *Paul's* Cathedral being told by the Spirit, he should there prophecy. Accordingly, he went the 6th of the 5th Month, with several Believers, and among the rest, I went. The *Priest* preach'd upon those Words

to the best of my Remembrance, *Beloved, I write unto you, that ye sin not*, &c. No sooner had he ended his Sermon, and gave the Blessing (as it is call'd) to the People, but up starts *J. Cuninghame*, who was in a Pew by himself, under Agitations, and with a very loud Voice, distinctly utters the following Warning, which was taken down in Writing, by some Believers who plac'd themselves conveniently for that Purpose.

THUS saith the Lord, to the Inhabitants of this City, Repent, Repent, and turn from the Evil of your Doings.--- I have begun to shake the Foundation of your Peace and Security. The Spirit of Animosity and Discord is pour'd forth amongst you. And I am going to proceed in a greater Measure. And where it will end, ye know not.-- Humble your selves in the Dust before the Lord. And you shall find Mercy.

All the while he was speaking, there was a general Silence throughout the Choir, the People being in Amaze; but as soon as ever he had done, one of the Vergers fetches him out, and he was led before the *Priest*, who was at the Door of the Vestry, and after some Words had pass'd between them, was dismiss'd to the Rage and Fury of the Mob, who seem'd resolv'd to execute their Wrath in the highest Manner possible. For my own Part, I endeavour'd as much as possible, to keep close to the Prophet, thereby to prevent the Blows falling on him, being willing to venture my Life in his Defence. As we were going down the Stone-steps fronting *Ludgate*, the Mob push'd him all along with such Violence, that one, if not more of his Teeth were beat out of his Head, the Mob crying out, *Pump him, duck him, To the Thames with him*, dragging him along with great Fury. However the Believers got about him as well as they could, and I got hold of his Left Arm, and some other Friend hold of his right Arm, some of the Believers before him, and some behind him. In this Hubbub we were hurry'd up and down in the midst of some Thousands of People, his Friends crying out, *Let's have him before my Lord Mayor, Let's have him before*

my

my Lord Mayor. Thus were we carry'd up and down by the violent Preſſure of the Mob, about 2 Hours, till with great Difficulty, we got to *Skinners-Hall*, where the Lord Mayor kept his Mayoralty. When we came there, it was ſome Time before we got in, and I reſolving, if poſſible, not to part with my Hold, crowded in with the Priſoner, to our no ſmall Joy, being very much tir'd and fatigu'd with the Baitings of ſo great a Multitude.

As ſoon as we came before the Mayor, the Accuſers were ask'd for, and what they had to ſay againſt the Priſoner. Upon which one or two preſent told the Mayor, that he had made a Diſturbance by ſpeaking in the Church. Then the Mayor ask'd them what he ſaid, and they anſwering him ſomewhat like the Purport of the Warning before-mention'd, the Mayor then ask'd them, whether he diſturbed the Congregation in Divine Service, *&c.* and it being anſwer'd in the Negative, the Mayor directed himſelf to the Priſoner, asking him, wherefore he did ſo? Upon which *James Cuninghame* anſwer'd him, *That he was commanded by God to go and ſpeak as he did*, and ſomewhat more to the like Effect, but ſpoke with ſuch a Coldneſs, (as it ſeem'd to me) as I was then ſomewhat daunted, ſuppoſing the Ambaſſadors of Chriſt ſhould ſpeak up with a Holy Boldneſs and Courage, when brought before the Civil Magiſtrate. After the Mayor had examin'd both Sides, he told the Priſoner, he muſt according to Law, bind him over to the Quarter-Seſſions, which he accordingly did, the ſame Time uſing him with Civility and Complacency; and one *Philips* Arts-Maſter with my ſelf were bound likewiſe for his Appearance. After which, the Mayor order'd us into a little Room, where we ſat and reſted our ſelves, till the Mob was diſpers'd, but had not been long, before the Mayor came in to us, and in a Friendly manner diſcourſed the Matter with *James Cuninghame*, who to my thinking, was very ſhort in what he ſaid to the Mayor. We were after this, conducted a back Way thro' the Coach-Houſe, and got ſafe into *Lombard-ſtreet*, where the Prophet was receiv'd with exceeding great Joy.

This *Cuninghame*, as I have been told, was in his Mother's Womb in the Coach, out of which his Grandfather was pluck'd, the ſame Time he was murder'd; and was a

Man

Man well read, a good Scholar, had been a Traveller, of a ſober Life; and tho' a great Prophet among us, yet took up Arms, for the Perſon call'd the *Pretender*, againſt King *George*, was at the Battle of *Preſton*, and carried to *Cheſter*, and there dy'd in Priſon.

After this, it was whiſper'd about amongſt the Believers, that *John Lacy* was commanded by the Spirit to do ſome great Thing, which was to make a Noiſe in the World. What it was, we were not yet acquainted with. Only a few were entruſted with the Secret. We were only told it was of ſuch a Nature, that he, (as he ſaid) had rather be burn'd at a Stake, than ſubmit to it, being ſuch a *Trial* to him and the Believers, as never was the like. This ſet us all agog (who were yet unacquainted) to know what it was, and we quickly fram'd ſtrange Ideas of the approaching Trial. I remember, one imagin'd, it was to ſet the City on Fire, a Second, that it was to make ſome deſperate Attempt on the Queen, and a Third, ſomewhat as dreadful. After being kept in Suſpence ſome Weeks, if not Months, we were at laſt acquainted, that *John Lacy* was order'd to leave his lawful Wife, and take *Elizabeth Gray*, a Propheteſs, on whom he was to beget Children. This News put ſeveral of the Believers into a Ferment, eſpecially the Women, who thought it not only a Breach of the *Seventh* Commandment, but a very ill Preſident for a Man to be commanded by the Spirit to leave his Wife; thinking (I ſuppoſe) it might come to be their own Caſe. Amongſt thoſe who diſſented from this Affair, and could by no Means be reconciled to it, were *Thomas Dutton*, a Prophet, an ingenious Man, who wrote ſomewhat to prove it could not be a good Spirit ſo commanding, which was anſwer'd by *John Lacy*, whoſe Anſwer was printed three ſeveral Times, for the Uſe of Believers, and the Fourth Edition of which is annex'd by way of *Appendix* to this Book) and by *Mary Keimer*, who exclaim'd loudly againſt it, till the Spirit came upon her, and ſeverely reprov'd her for ſo doing, vindicating and applauding the Fact ſhe was ſo much againſt. Some Time after this, (as I take it) *John Lacy* one Morning gets up betimes, leaves his Wife in Bed, (having before made over all his Eſtate, but 200 *l. per Annum*, for the Uſe of his Wife and Children, as likewiſe commanded by the Spirit) and takes *E. Gray*, who were both joyn'd together, by the Spirit thro' *Mary Keimer*, at a Meeting commanded by the Inſpir'd. From this Time, or before, *John*

Lacy

Lacy and *E. Gray* liv'd together, as Man and Wife, and it w
prophecy'd, that *as a Confirmation the Command afore mention*
was from God, the Firſt Child begotten by them ſhould be a So
and ſhould work Miracles, as ſoon as born. However, after ſom
Time, *E. Gray* prov'd with Child, and was deliver'd of
Daughter. It was again prophecy'd the next Child was to b
the Son; but that Prophecy likewiſe prov'd falſe as the othe
had done. Notwithſtanding all which, they ſtill live togeth
in *Adultery*, believing the Holy God has ſo commanded. Fo
my own Part, I now ſincerely believe that *John Lacy* did no
leave his Wife from any luſtful Deſire, but ſolely in Obedi
ence to the Spirit's Commands.

Had the ſame Spirit commanded him to kill his Wife,
likewiſe ſincerely believe he would have readily done it i
Obedience to the ſaid Command. Nor could it be otherwiſ
with all thoſe that were ſincere, by reaſon the Spirit ha
taught us to this Effect, *That true ſaving Faith conſiſted in a*
implicit Belief in, and ſtrict Obedience to, whatſoever that Spiri
commanded, without conſulting our Reaſon, or having Regard t
the Commands of God as reveal'd in Scripture. The Inference I
drew in my own Mind from this Doctrine, was, That *Sin wa*
no other than a Breach of the Commands of God the Great-Law-
giver, and therefore all Acts ceas'd to be Sins, though contrary t
former Revelations, and became Duties whenever God commanded
them. For Inſtance, ſuppoſe the Spirit preſiding had command-
ed the Prophet to kill King *George*, he muſt immediately
obey it, upon Pain of eternal Damnation, for ſo refuſing; and
tho' ſuch a *damnable Action* as this, would be diametrically
oppoſite to the Commandment, *Thou ſhalt do no Murder*, yet
it would become a Duty if ever ſo commanded, according to
the Doctrine of the Spirit preſiding. What the Conſequen-
ces of ſuch Doctrine as this, may hereafter produce, I can't
as yet tell, Time alone muſt diſcover that: But this I can truly
ſay, when I reflect on what I have ſeen and known already
done, I dread the miſchievous Conſequences will come to this
Nation when ever the Prophets appear again in Publick, as
ſome Time hence I expect they certainly will do. But to re-
turn to the Affair of *John Lacy*. It was ſome Time before many
of the Believers could be thoroughly reconcil'd to his leaving his
Wife, and upon the Performance of which, a Believer, who
had receiv'd Bleſſings, and had the Agitations made the fol-
lowing Piece of Poetry, which tho' it is ſomewhat filthy, yet

con-

conſidering it may ſhew what ſort of Spirit poſſeſſes and leads the Believers, I have here inſerted it, with a few Notes of my own, for my Reader's better underſtanding the ſame.

An HYMN *ſet to Muſick upon the Occaſion of* John Lacy's *leaving his lawful Wife by the Command of the Spirit, and taking* Elizabeth Gray, *a Propheteſs. By* ——— Roach, *a Prieſt of the* Church of England.

AT *London* Town there was a Wedding,
All in this Golden Age,
'Twixt fine Squire *John* with his Breeding,
And Bonny brown *Beſs* of the Stage.

Two Folks that were ſo far aſunder,
As Dowlaſs and Holland Sheet,
It has made the World for to wonder
That in the ſame Pair they ſhould meet.

Squire *John* he was tall as a Maypole,
And down he look'd at her and hiſs'd,
For *Betty* was ſhorter by a Pole,
And yet they met Noſes, and kiſs'd.

The Squire had a Lady a true one,
But not that his Kidney did fit,
So he prophecy'd of a new one,
And got for his Cat a freſh Bit.

The *Groom* came with Sword and with Wig on,
So long, ſo well powder'd, and fine,
Like *Mars* in his fiery Trigon,
A-courting his *Venus* Divine.

The *Bride* had all Graces a budding,
And ſeen too in Shaking Fit;
O never was Quaking-Pudding,
So Butter'd, and Sugar'd, and Sweet,

And

And now Sir, no longer to tarry,
For better, for worſe to be ſaid,
In Church with a Chimney to marry,
They haſten with gallant Parade.

The Bride had on this Side the (*a*) *Glover*
That fitted each Hand with the beſt,
On that Side the (*b*) *Potter* did ſhove her
Contriving to diſh out the Feaſt.

The Squire for his Bride Maids on ſudden
Catch'd (*c*) *Watty* and (*d*) *Polly* ſo clear,
On one Side beſpoke Pye and Pudding,
On t'other Side Barrel of Beer.

Before 'em there march'd a grave (*e*) *Quaker*,
That carry'd a Sack at his Back,
He ſifted old (*f*) *Gallican* Shaker
And prophecy'd *Nutts* for to crack.

Now well-fare our Maid and our Man-a
So likely brave Bantlings to get,
While after them little plump (*g*) *Hannah*
Comes running and ſprinkles the Wheat.

While

(*a*) John Glover, *a Prophet.*

(*b*) John Potter, *a great Prophet, (who with the former are repreſented as two Bridemen) now dwelling near* Salisbury-Court.

(*c*) Anne Watts, *a Propheteſs, who went by the Name of* Pudding-Pie-Moll, *by reaſon ſhe dwelt as Shop-Maid to a Paſtry-Cook, is now married, and dwells in* Joyners-ſtreet, Southwark.

(*d*) Mary Beer, *a Propheteſs, dwelling in* Lombard-ſtreet, *with whom a* Prophet, *a* Writer *and* Believer *have fallen in Love with to a great Degree.*

(*e*) Guy Nutt, *a Prophet, a formal whimſical Man, who goes in plain Habit, but not own'd by the People called* Quakers.

(*f*) *The Widow* Sterril, *an old* French-woman, *who had the Agitations.*

(*g*) Hannah Everſden *a Propheteſs, a Baker's Daughter in* Southwark, *who was commanded by the Spirit to go to a Congregation of* Baptiſts *meeting at* Tallow-Chandlers *to which ſhe did before belong, and to which* John Noble *was Paſtor. Accordingly ſhe obey'd, and ſpoke a Warning, putting the Congregation into an Uproar.*

And now comes the (*h*) Man of Behaviour,
Like Prince with Majeſtical State,
And he was the Father that gave her.
Who? Nay, 'tis no Matter for That.

But (*i*) *Franky* led grave Miſs (*k*) *Molly*,
And (*l*) *Johnny*-kind (*m*) *Betſy* did get,
And (*n*) *Giley* led (*o*) *Southwarkin Jolly*,
As ſpruce as a Beau in the Pit.

(*p*) *Long-Leg* he, with (*q*) *Peggy* did barter,
(*r*) *Sallina* with (*ſ*) *Salkin* to boot,
Were ſoop'd up like Full Pint and Quarter,
By (*t*) *Full-Quart* and great (*u*) *Everout*.

(*x*) *Welch*

(*h*) Francis Moult.

(*i*) Ditto, *who is repreſented to lead his Kinſwoman*

(*k*) Mary Moult.

(*l*) John Moult, *a Prophet*, (*Kinſman to* Francis Moult) *who was commanded by the Spirit to go to the* Royal-Exchange *with a Broom upon his Shoulder, but did not obey it, as ever I heard of.*

(*m*) Elizabeth Hughes, *a Propheteſs, living in* Martins le-grand.

(*n*) John Giles, *a Merchant who dwelt at* Cambray-Houſe.

(*o*) Mary Keimer, *a Propheteſs, a jolly young Woman, who dwelt in* Southwark.

(*p*) —— Douglas, *a rich* Eaſt-India-Merchant *and Believer in the Prophets.*

(*q*) Margaret Moult, *Kinſwoman to* Francis, *who was married to* John Potter, *as commanded by the Spirit through* Mary Keimer, *as was her Siſter* Mary *to* Charles Portales, *who thereby became a topping Merchant.*

(*r*) Dr. Critchlow's *Wife, who ſells* Sal Volatile Oleoſum, *by Pints and Quarterns.*

(*ſ*) *Her Daughter who had the Agitations.*

(*t*) Patrick Urquart, *a Believer, living near* Montague-Houſe, *who has the Agitations.*

(*u*) —— Everard, *who was Envoy from the* Britiſh Court *to* France, *and afterwards confin'd Priſoner in the Tower ſeveral Years. But remov'd from thence by the* Habeas-Corpus-Act, *which was made for his Relief at the coming in of the* Prince of Orange. *He likewiſe had the Agitations.*

(x) *Welch Dwinney* led up (y) *Scotch Jenny*,
And (z) *Tommy* with (a) *Sally* play'd Game;
But (b) *Cocky* would have her own (c) *Jockey*,
Bold (d) *Willy* St. *Martins* (e) Mad-Dame.

Two (f) *Quaker*-Dames made manifeſto,
'Cauſe old, they neglected did ſtand;
When brisk as Beau, Old Gaffer (g) *Preſto*
Provided 'em, each Hand in Hand.

My

(x) Iſaac Owen, *a Believer, and one of the Writers. From the Latin Name* Odoenus *or* Odoinus.

(y) *Lady* Jane Forbes *of* Scotland, *who either was a Propheteſs, or had the Agitations.*

(z) Thomas Lardner, *Apothecary, Writer and Miſſionary to the Prophets.*

(a) Sarah Critchlow, *Believer.*

(b) Rebecca Cuff, *a Propheteſs.*

(c) *Her Husband.*

(d) William King *Tallow-Chandler, and great* Philadelphian *Preacher and Believer in the Prophets.*

(e) *Widow* Hughes, *One of thoſe Women who pretends her ſelf to be the* Woman cloathed with the Sun, *mentioned in the Revelations, and who ſaid ſhe bore the Sins of the whole Nation on her Body. She can neither write nor read, has been a Miſſionary to* Holland, *is Mother to the Propheteſs of that Name, and dwells at the Sign of the* King-Arms *in* Martins-le-grand.

(f) A. Finkley *and* Anne Steed *who formerly were among the People called* Quakers, *but diſowned by them.*

(g) —— Preſton, *an Old Man, ſaid to be miraculouſly cur'd by* John Lacy, *of a Swelling in his Neck.*

My (*h*) *Landlord* he took my (*i*) *Landlady*;
Her (*k*) *Son* with his (*l*) *Daughter* did play,
And Troops more of Beaus and fine Ladies
Danc'd up *Alamode de Francois.*

What Tune did they play to *French* Hopper,
When *Engliſh* and *French Shaker* meets?
What could be ſo pleaſing and proper,
To dance, as the ſhaking of Sheets?

But young (*m*) *Mariana* was routed,
That would'a King's Daughter be ſeen,
And little (*n*) *Top-Gallant* was outed,
For here muſt no (*o*) Biſhop come in.

Nor muſt we forget honeſt (*p*) *Dutty*,
That walk'd all alone and aloof,
For he thought the Matter was ſmutty,
And hardly canonical proof; Till

(*h*) William Draycot, *at whoſe Houſe Meetings were often kept.*

(*i*) *Widow* Moreton, *who likewiſe often had Meetings at her Houſe in* Long-Walk, *and bought the Printing-Houſe of* Samuel Keimer, *Author of the foregoing Tract, and in Two Years ruin'd her ſelf thereby, as the Author before had done.*

(*k*) Elias Moreton, *her Son, whom* John Potter *under Agitations took up in his Arms, holding him above his Head, declaring* He ſhould be exalted above Princes. *This Youth had the new Name of* Abel *afterwards given him by the Spirit.*

(*l*) Sarah Draycot, *a Propheteſs, whom the Spirit had often declar'd ſhe ſhould be cur'd of the* Evil, *of which ſhe has been many Years ſorely afflicted.*

(*m*) Anna Maria King, *a Young and eminent Propheteſs, who was turn'd out of Meetings by* John Potter, *but for what I can't tell.*

(*n*) Anne Topham, *another Propheteſs, who was likewiſe turn'd out.*

(*o*) *She was call'd* The Biſhop, *by reaſon the Orders for Meetings and Miſſions came ſo often thro' her Mouth.*

(*p*) Thomas Dutton, *an eminent Prophet, a ſober ingenious Man, by Profeſſion a Lawyer, who wrote a Letter againſt* John Lacy's *taking* E. Gray, *which occaſion'd the Printed Vindication of it.*

Till of the (*) *Bald-Garden*, the Matron
Came in, with her Fiddle-de-dee,
Hop'd all would be fair under Apron,
And the Wedding *Platonick* might be.

The Artiſts move up in Decorum,
And firſt came the great (†) *Nichola*,
He ſquar'd the Circle before 'em,
Thro' ‖ *Pons Aſinorum* made way.

The ſmart (‡) *Ben-Jago* came after
He taught 'em to ſwim with a Grace,
And hold up their Head above Water;
And promis'd a new faſhion'd Chaiſe.

(*p*) *Criſpinus* he brought 'em new Slippers,
And left that their Spirits ſhould fail,
Or Sports be ſubverted by Trippers,
The (*q*) *Doctors* ſupply'd 'em with *Sal*.

The

(*) *Widow* Critchlow, *who kept a Houſe in* Baldwins-Gardens, *where the* Philadelphians *uſed frequently to meet, ſhe her ſelf being a Preacher amongſt them.*

(†) Nicholas Facio, *a great Mathematician, who was Tutor to, and travell'd with the late Duke of* Bedford, *and was one of the three that ſtood on the Pillory at* Charing-Croſs *and* Royal-Exchange.

(‖) *i. e.* Aſſes-bridge; *a Propoſition in* Euclid, *ſo call'd from the Difficulty in it, for duller Heads to get over.*

(‡) Benjamin Jackſon, *a Writer and Miſſionary, and Inventer of a ſwimming Engine, alſo of a new ſort of Coach or Chaiſe that cannot be overturn'd.*

(*p*) ——— Bennet, *Shoemaker, one of the Arts-maſters of* Bridewell.

(*q*) Dr. Critchlow *and Dr.* Byfield, *both Followers of the Prophets, and well known for their* Sal Volatile Oleoſum; *the former dwelling in* Salisbury-Court, *the latter near* Fetter-lane.

The (r) *Nobleman* blazon'd their Story,
And treated 'em in his great (ſ) *Hall*,
Their Books in his (t) *Knick-knack a tory*,
He plac'd for the wonder of all.

† The Maker of Watches, ſo fine-a,
All gallant and gay to behold,
Did hang on her Girdle, to ſhine-a,
A Rouncifal Clicker of Gold,

Infallible too, to an Hour,
For declaring the Times of Delight,
And this was their ‡ *Montre de Amour*,
For the Hand ſtood at Twelve at Night.

The (u) *Stay-maker* he made her Stay too,
And quite put the *Bride* to her Trumps,
Reſolv'd ſhe was to skip away, tho'
Or with, or without her new Jumps:

But how *Little Mortal* ſo civil,
With Promiſe and Compliment high,
In Courtſhip that rival'd the Devil
Should fail, I ſhall tell by the By.

(r) Samuel Noble, *a Bookſeller, Writer, and Miſſionary of the Prophets, dwelling now in* Long-Walk, *next the* Blew-coat-Hoſpital;

(ſ) *But formerly dwelt at* Plaiſterer's-Hall.

(t) *His* Boookſellers-Shop.

† Peter Cuff, *Watchmaker in* Salisbury-Court, *a Believer, who made* E. Gray, *a fine Gold Watch.*

‡ *Alluding to a Book of that Kind written by* A. Behn, *called* The Lover's Watch.

(u) Joſeph Steel *Stay-Maker, a very little Man, liberal of Compliments and Promiſes, of whom 'tis ſaid he caus'd* E. Gray *to tarry ſo long for a Pair of new Stays which he made, till at laſt ſhe went into the Country without them. This Man afterwards married* Mary Aſpinal *a Propheteſs of whom it is related, and by ſeveral believ'd,* That the Devil appear'd to her in human Shape, and offer'd to take Carnal Knowledge of her Body, but ſhe refuſing, he vaniſh'd away.

For *Josy*, in Order to poze ye,
Cry'd *Poz*, he would be the first there;
But *Bragg-all* drop'd into a Tag-hole,
So came a Day after the Fair.

One (x) *More* came with Clog at the Heels too.
And hardly the *Bride* he put to't;
But under the Petticoat feels too,
And so got the Length of her Foot.

Squire (y) *Biggerstaff* stout as *Don Diego*
The *Groom* with new Bambo he fits,
I'th Head on't is sweet Snuff of *Vigo*,
That gives ye the Shaking Fits.

The (z) *Bellman* he rung *Io Pæans*,
(a) *Arch Wag* the Mock-Trumpet conjoynt,
The (b) *Gladman* sung out *Hymeneans*,
But (c) *Sophister* reason'd the Point.

Then steps (d) *Nicolino* in Amble,
And tickles with Art the Small Guts,
And thrums on the *Viol de Gambol*,
Till Strings in the middle he cuts.

While

(x) John More *a Prophet, and Clog-maker.*

(y) —— Rigby, *a Believer, who deals in Canes, of whom 'tis said, that He laid a great Wager on the Resurrection of* Dr. Emes, *but lost.*

(z) —— Forster, *Priest and Prebendary of* Sarum, *who publickly declar'd for the Prophets in the Pulpit, for which he was suspended Preaching Six Months, by* Gilbert *late* Bishop of Sarum; *He receiv'd the Agitations, and (as 'tis said) administer'd the Bread and Wine under Agitations to his Parishioners.*

(a) Peter Rochfort *Believer, Inventer of the Mock-Trumpet.*

(b) *A Believer of that Name.*

(c) Hall Reason, *Writer, a cunning sophistical Spark, that could seemingly reconcile the greatest Absurdities for clearing up the Dispensation.*

(d) —— Steffkin, *an eminent Musician, and Believer.*

While (e) Captain *Tom* leſs decorus,
With Tag, Rag and Wag-tail and Bob,
Leads on, to fill up the Chorus,
Huzzaing the *Barbican* Mob.

But O the fine Dancers of *Morrice*,
From *Colcheſter* tripping (But huſh!
Or ſoftly, 'cauſe there the Back ſore is)
That (*b*) prophecy under a Buſh.

When bleſs'd for good Boys and Believers,
They Noddy for Noddy did give;
But ſlily as (*k*) Apes and Deceivers,
Made Mouths at them under their Sleeves.

Theſe fawning, yet *Cynical* curriſh,
With (*m*) *Iambicks*, and (*n*) *Tetrico-traſticks*,
Inſtead of white Handkerchiefs flouriſh
The Sheets of their (*o*) *Camiſo-Maſtick*.

With

(e) Whitrow.

(*b*) *Theſe were Perſons, who (when ſome of the Prophets were at* Colcheſter*) receiv'd Bleſſings, counterfeited the Agitations, and forg'd Inſpirations, by going into the Fields privately, and writing what they had a Mind to on a Piece of Paper, which they would put into a Comrades Mouth, who would ſhake himſelf the while; after which they would bring the ſaid Writing to the Prophets, ſaying,* This was deliver'd out of the Mouth of ſuch a one under Agitations. *This Forgery paſs'd undiſcover'd by the Spirit in the Prophets, and the Forgerers were commanded a Miſſion to* London *to viſit their Brethren, by the ſaid Prophets, who when they came to Town, diſcover'd the whole Contrivance.*

(*k*) *They were obſerv'd to ridicule the Prophets under Agitations.*

(*m*) *Verſes us'd for ſharp Satyr.*

(*n*) *A made Word for* Tetraſticks *or Staffs of four Verſes, and* Tetrick *ſignifying* four, crabbed.

(*o*) *A Whip or Scourge for the* Camiſars, *a Book deſign'd to be Printed, the Sheets of which theſe as* Morrice-Dancers *are ſuppos'd to carry in their Hands, before the Bridegroom and Bride.*

With Dancers, inviſible Prancers,
Were ſeen thro' a Crack in the Head,
And firſt to the Prophecy anſwers,
The (o) *Doctor* now raiſ'd from the Dead.

The *Birmingham* Wight full of Wónder;
That (p) dy'd, and yet lives to be ſeen,
He drank with loud (q) Clap of Thunder,
A Health to the (r) *Camiſar* Queen.

Nor little Sir (ſ) *Dicky* was far, ho!
But danc'd the new Triplet to cloſe,
As tall and as ſtreight as an Arrow;
But this is all under the Roſe.

Now comes with *Scotch* Air (t) *Cunning* Fellow,
So out with New (u) *Ballad* he trolls,
And ſwears he'll himſelf blow the Bellows
And (x) ſing to the Bagpipe of *Pauls.*

His (y) Doxy with *Hymens* new Tapers,
Came ſtaring like Fury ſo dread;
And made a whole (z) Bonfire of Papers,
To light the new Couple to Bed;

But

(o) *Dr.* Emes.

(p) *A Prophet at* Birmingham, *who prophecy'd he ſhould die on a Day prefix'd, but was diſappointed.*

(q) *Alluding to a Clap of Thunder which happen'd nigh the prefix'd Time.*

(r) E. Gray.

(ſ) Sir Richard Bulkely, *a very crooked Perſon, of whom it was prophecy'd he ſhould be made ſtrait by the Spirit thro'* John Lacy, *but happen'd to die before the Miracle could be perform'd.*

(t) James Cunninghame, *a Prophet who us'd often to ſpeak his Warnings under Agitations, in Metre.*

(x) *The ſame Man that went to* Pauls, *before-mentioned, and with his Voice, put a Stop to the Organ.*

(y) Henrietta Erwyn, *a Scotch Propheteſs,*

(z) *Who burnt ſome Papers of the Author of this Hymn.*

But ere they went, in her wild Gears Sir,
(a) She fell on Prophetical Don,
And luge'd him geud faith by the Ears Sir,
So fairly they bid her be gone.

Sack-Poſſet was thought Superſtition,
And throwing the Stocking as bad,
But (b) *Watty* of pure Condition,
In private a Bride Cake had made.

And now from the Company ſtealing
The Bridegroom and Bride went to Bed,
But Hiſt'ry turns here to a Myſtery,
And no more of that muſt be ſaid.

But tho' tis forbidden to tell, Sir,
What follow'd on this Occaſion,
Yet ſure enough all is done well, Sir,
So 'tis but in Agitation.

And now all my Duck and my Dear is,
My Jug to my *Puggy* goes round,
And Honey-Moon all the whole Year is,
In Aſpect cornuted, or crown'd.

To talk of the Moon is no ill, Sir,
No Danger of Jealouſy's Thorn,
For *Beſs* may have two if ſhe will, Sir,
And ſo there's no Fear of the Horn.

Nor muſt we forget a Prank ſilly,
That under the Pillow was plaid,
Of amorous blith (c) *Jack* and *Gilley*
With Bride-Cake put under his Head,

In

(a) *Tis ſaid ſhe was very refractory, and ſtruggled with* John Potter, *who would have turn'd her out of the Meeting.*
(b) Anne Watts, *a Propheteſs before-mentioned.*
(c) John Giles.

In Sleep when his Fancy was roving,
And Golden Ideas came in,
He found by the new way of loving,
What Ninneys the old ones had been.

Next Morning came in little (*d*) *Prieſteſs*;
Well, who did you dream of, good Couſin?
I hope you have thought of a Miſtreſs,
Ay, marry quoth he, of a Dozen.

But here we'll make end of our Ditty,
Which no body can think long,
Of Lovers ſo quaint and pretty,
Which might be our endleſs Song.

Then Prophets, both elder and younger,
And Prieſteſſes too on a row,
Pray drink to the *Hans in Kelder*,
And wiſh good Speed to the Plow.

So farewell ſweet Lady of *Veniee*,
And never in Dudgeon be found,
For tho' little *Beſſey* now Queen is,
The Squire will ſhoe his Horſe round.

After *John Lacy* had left his Wife, and gone in unt*Elizabeth Gray*, the Spirit commanded one of the *French*, if no more, (who had a long while diſtinct Meetings from the E*gliſh*) to put away their Wives. But how they follow'd obey'd the Commands of the Spirit, I can't exactly relate, ſ ſhall ſay no more on that Head.

We had already ſo many confuſed Doings, Diſtractions an Schiſms, (as indeed the whole from the Beginning to this D has been little elſe but ſuch) that we now could believe an Thing tho' never ſo groſs and abominable, if commanded b the Spirit, a few Inſtances more, I ſhall but here mentio for indeed *Chriſtian Reader* I am e'en quite tir'd in raking this Dunghil of a Religion.

(*d*) Mary Rigby, *an acute young Girl, who had the Agit tions to a great Degree, and is ſince drawn away to be a* Rom Catholick.

The *French* had made a Schiſm from the *Engliſh*, or the *Engliſh* from the *French*, but which I can't poſitively determine. However the *French* had Love Meetings commanded, where they would meet, *kiſs*, and *tickle* one another, *chucking* one another under the Chin, laughing and crying out, *He, He, He, He, He, He*, and uſing many laſcivious Poſtures, which I ſhall not here mention.

Among the *Engliſh*, there were alſo ſeveral ſtrange Practices, *viz.* one *Samuel Thomlinſon*, a Butcher, (well known in *Newgate-Market*) who had the Agitations, and who generally went under the Denomination of a *Quaker*, (but diſown'd by that People, who have no Unity or Fellowſhip with any that walk irregular in their Lives, tho' they may wear the plain Habit, and frequent their Meetings;) this Man having a Command to lie Carnally with one *Anne Steed*, (who was one that pretended to great Viſions) put it to her, Six Times, and the Seventh Time ſhe conſented, being unwilling (as ſhe ſaid) to reſiſt any longer, *for Fear of the Judgments of the Lord.* She afterwards told a Friend of mine, that he was not able to get a Child. This is the Woman that *Henry Pickworth* boaſts ſo much of, in his falſe Charge of *Error, Hereſy, Incharity*, &c. *againſt the moſt noted Leaders of the People called* Quakers, in which Book he inſerts ſome of her pretended Viſions, one or two of which, being ſomewhat particular, I ſhall here inſert, and are as follow.

I *Beheld the Lord* Jeſus Chriſt *at my Left-Hand, in a Perſonal Appearance, in a large Room, where were a great many of the People called* Quakers, *ſome of which had Crowns upon their Heads, amongſt whom were* Theodore Eggleſtone, George Whitehead, William Bingley, John Feild, William Warren, George Owner, William Pen, John Butcher *and* Samuel Waldenfeild, *all ſitting.*

* Francis Moult *coming in, went directly to* Theodore Eggleſtone, *laid both his Hands upon his Crown, and went away with it;*

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* This *Francis Moult*, is a Believer among the Prophets, a Man of great Riches, Senſe and Knowledge in natural Things, (but one I fear, who *by Wiſdom knows not God*,) and who has been ſeveral Miſſions with the Prophets and Propheteſſes, as a Writer, particularly Five or Six Months at a Time with *Mary*

it; notwithstanding I saw a Chair set for him in Christ's glorious Kingdom upon Earth now near approaching, which he might obtain if he pressed hard for it, but if there, he might content himself without a Crown.

Then John Potter *being under a most powerful Operation of the Lord's Holy Spirit, after the same Manner I saw him go before the Believers (in this glorious Dispensation of God's Holy Spirit lately broke forth) in* Enfield-Chace, *came, and with great Authority laid both his Hands in like manner upon the Crown* George Whitehead *had upon his Head, (which was more magnificent than the rest) and said,* Did I not charge thee to hold fast what thou didst receive? Hadst thou obeyed, none would have been able to have taken thy Crown from thee; *and then with an angry Snatch took it off, and went away with it, under the powerful Operation above-mentioned.*

Then William Bingley's *Crown next fell from his Head, with such a mighty Force as if it would have been broken all to pieces; upon which he in a dreadful Concern and great Amazement cried out,* Our Crowns are fallen from off our Heads, Wo unto us that we have sinned!

The next, John Field's, *fell also from off his Head with a mighty Force, though not so great as* William Bingley's. *After which* William Warren's *totter'd exceedingly, as if it also was a going to fall, but I did not see it fall.*

Then I beheld one different from the rest on the Head of George Owner, *at which I greatly marvelled; whereupon the glorious Person that all the while stood by my Left-Hand, said,* Why admirest thou at the Difference betwixt that and the rest? He is not in the Kingly Power amongst this People, but in the * Dukedom, wherefore That thou seest upon his Head is a Coronet; *Which also tottered as* William Warren's.

Then

Mary Keimer and *Mary Beer* up and down *England* and *Wales*, and who has disburs'd (as I have good Reason to think) many Hundreds, if not Thousands of Pounds, for the carrying on and spreading that Delusion.

* In which State, *viz.* the Dukedom, she pretended she also saw *Thomas Lower* among several others who were some in the Degree of Lords and Earls, *&c.* many of whose Names, she said she was unacquainted with.

Then I beheld William Penn, John Butcher, *and* Samuel Waldenfeild *with their Crowns on their Heads; upon the beholding of whom, I under a great Concern of Soul for them, broke forth in great Bowedneſs in Supplication to the Lord, and ſaid,* O Lord God, I beſeech thee, hear a poor Creature, ſuffer not thoſe Crowns to be taken from them, neither do thou, but humble them, that they may take them off themſelves, and lay them down at thy Feet, who is only worthy of all Honour, Praiſe, Might, Majeſty and Dominion; *which I have reaſon to believe he in his own due Time will incline them to, from another Viſion he in his Divine Goodneſs was pleaſed to give me concerning them and others, which was as follows.*

I being often livingly concerned before the Lord for this People, who notwithſtanding ‡ *contemptuouſly rejected me and my Chriſtian Travels for their Welfare, a few Months before the abovementioned Viſion, being ſate at Work by my Bedſide with my Child, one Morning, at the Dwelling-Houſe of our ancient and truly worthy Friend* James Jackſon, *fell into deep Viſion, wherein I ſaw the Dead Corps of the People called* Quakers, *Heaps upon Heaps, amongſt whom was preſented* William Pen, John Butcher *and* Samuel Waldenfeild; *Upon the Sight of whom I was bowed in deep Supplication before the Lord, and ſaid,* O Lord God, for thy dear Son's Sake, who now lies proſtrate at thy Feet, begging for theſe my dear Friends, and not for any Worthineſs of mine, ſave them, ſave thy People; *upon which my Life went from me, ſo as that I fainted; then I ſaw the Father take up his beloved Son with both his Hands, and thereupon looked ſmiling upon me, which was a Ground of Hope to my mournful Soul, that my ſincere Petitions were anſwered for them.*

So much for *Anne Steed*'s Viſions, or rather Whimſies and Imaginations: I ſhall now acquaint my Reader, that ſhe with ſeveral others us'd to meet together, and (as I have been inform'd) had ALL Things in common in the moſt ſtrict Senſe. It was no longer ago, than the 30th of the Firſt Month, in

 this

‡ *Note*, This *Anne Steed* was one that formerly made Profeſſion of Truth, as held forth and maintained by ſome of the People called *Quakers*, but falling therefrom, was diſown'd and joining in with the *French Prophets*, ſet up for a great Perſon, imagining her ſelf to be inſpir'd, and who did go, or was to go to *John Potter*, to demand the *Keys* from him.

this preſent Year, 1717. that the City of *London* was prophecy'd to be burn'd down, with Fire and Brimſtone from Heaven; and ſhe with her Colleagues pack'd up their All, and departed far from the City, thereupon. But to leave this Woman, and return to what more immediately concerns me.

About the Time (as I take it) that *John Lacy* took *E. Gray*, the Spirit thro' *John Potter* and others, had forbid any further Meetings of the Believers, but that only thoſe that were inſpir'd ſhould meet, and not when they would, but only when they were commanded by the Spirit, which was but ſeldom. Now it was, *John Potter* and I, with ſome others would walk into the Fields, *James*'s-Park, *&c.* on a Firſt-Day, ſcarce knowing how to ſpend our Time. I for my Part, could not reliſh any Preaching, but what came immediately from the Spirit, (which was the Caſe of many others) and therefore could not go with an hearty Deſire to be inform'd, to hear the Preachers of the ſeveral different Congregations in this City. The Spirit had declar'd, thoſe that preach'd for Hire, *Soul-Brokers*, &c. and the *Quakers* (as they are call'd) to be *Apoſtates*, *Self-righteous*, &c. for which reaſon, I could not down with their Preaching, (being all this while rais'd and elevated by my vain Imaginations.) Beſides, conſidering the Tautology and Meanneſs of Expreſſion as were us'd among the *Quakers*, I could by no means (according to my human Wiſdom, which indeed was but Folly) reap any Benefit thereby.

In this State I continu'd ſome Time, and *John Potter* would ſometimes (tho' but ſeldom) have Warnings at private Houſes, for our Encouragement, ſtill ſoothing us up with ſmooth Things.

In the Year 1713. I alter'd my Condition, by marrying one that was of the ſame Opinion in religious Matters, with myſelf, and one that belong'd to a reputable, ſubſtantial Family on Worldly Accounts, and who were Believers in the ſame Diſpenſation. Before I was married, my Character was enquir'd into, where I ſerv'd my Time, *&c.* and being found not diſpleaſing to the Enquirers, it was propos'd by my Wife's Friends that we ſhould wait to know the Mind and Will of the Spirit relating to our Marriage, to which I readily conſented. At an appointed Time, ſeveral met, *viz. John Potter*, *James Cuningham*, and (I think,) *Thomas Dutton* *Mary Keimer* and *Mary Beer*. After we had waited ſome Time, the Spirit came violently on *John Potter*, who getting up from his Seat, went

to

to the ſeveral Corners of the Room, under Operation, and then ſpoke a great deal to the Matter we were waiting about, exhorting us, and as approving of our Intentions of Marriage. After he had done, *James Cuninghame* ſpoke under Agitations likewiſe, which was alſo *As* an Approbation of the ſame. After which, we were married by a Prieſt, a *Quondam* Schoolfellow of mine, had likewiſe three Bookſellers at my Wedding, (two of which were my Schoolfellows, at that Noble School of *Merchant-Taylors*, when that excellent Teacher of human Learning Dr. *Matthew Shortyng* was Maſter, under whoſe Tuition I was, being deſign'd for a *Prieſt*, and *Charles Shelley* and—*Pickering*, were Uſhers,) and who were all Printing Bookſellers, and could promote me very much in my Buſineſs, whoſe Names were, *John Lawrence*, *Royſton Meredith*, and *Daniel Jackſon*.

As ſoon as I was ſat up, I quickly had very great Buſineſs, (I believe never any young Man had more for the Time,) and had I acted with any Wiſdom, in my outward Affairs, I might very probably have become a rich Man. But alas! how was it poſſible a Man that ſincerely believed thoſe many prepoſterous Things before mentioned, whoſe Reaſon was captivated, whoſe Judgment, Will, and Intellects were poyſon'd to ſo great a Degree, could act otherwiſe than I did.

The Bookſellers I work'd for were, *John Lawrence*, in the *Poultry*, *Henry Clements*, *William Innys* in *Paul's* Cathedral *Yard*, for *Bernard Lintot*, *S. Pemberton*, in *Fleetſtreet*, *Jonas Brown*, without *Temple-Bar*, *N. Cliff*, in the *Poultrey*, all which I found very fair Dealers, and I believe were, and thoſe that are ſtill living are very honeſt Men in Worldly Dealings, I likewiſe printed for many others, whom I ſhall not here mention, beſides a great Number of private treaſonable Libels againſt the late Queen and her laſt Miniſtry, (which I am now truly ſenſible was a Sin, of a Scarlet Die, as I now judge libelling the preſent Government the ſame) by which I got a great deal of Money: After I had dwelt in *Black-fryars* about a Year and half, I was warn'd out of my Houſe, by means of a wicked Woman who had influence over the Landlord, becauſe I forbid my Journeymen fetch Drink at her Houſe. The whole Time of dwelling there, my Conduct in my outward Affairs was ſuch, as none but a Man void of Reaſon, or one in my Caſe, (I think) could be guilty of the like.

I ſhould have told my Reader, that when I firſt ſet up, and long before, I prided my ſelf to a very high Degree, with a Conceit what a fine Character I ſhould bear in the World, for an honeſt Man, having always the ſtricteſt Notions of Juſtice and Honeſty as to *Meum* and *Tuum* to the Perſons of all Mankind, having never done the leaſt Thing to my Knowledge unworthy that Character, but only ſomewhat that ſeem'd like it, in the Affair between *Francis Horton*, Stationer, at the *Blew-Anchor* in *Paternoſter-row*, and what ſhall be hereafter mentioned.

All the while I dwelt in *Black-Fryars*, *John Potter* (who had long before left off his Buſineſs, and now dwelt with *Francis Moult*, in *Hatton-Garden*) continu'd his Friendſhip with me, my Siſter under Agitations having commanded that he ſhould marry one of *Francis Moult*'s Kinſwomen, which was accordingly obey'd, and *John Potter* had a conſiderable * Fortune with her.

One Inſtance of his Friendſhip, I ſhall here relate, that being ſenſible of ſome Hardſhips I labour'd under, upon an Affair he was privy to, ſpoke in my Behalf to *Francis Moult* who lent me 50 *l.* without Bond or Intereſt.

After I was warn'd from *Black's-Fryars*, I took a Houſe in *Pater noſter-row*, and juſt as I was removing I was arreſted by *Francis Horton*, for near 100 *l.* to whom I had paid a little before, and bought Paper with ready Money, to the Sum of 40 *l.* Upon the Arreſt, I ſent for *John Potter*, who brought with him 30 *l.* paid it to Him at the *Queens-Head-Tavern* hard by, and gave his joynt Note with me, for 20 *l.* payable in two or Three Days, which I accordingly paid. Some Time after this, He again threaten'd to arreſt me, ſeeing no doubt how madly and bewitchedly I went on, and being willing to get his Money, upon which I paid him another Sum,

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† N. B. *This* Francis Moult *is a Man of ſuch great Subſtance, that he ſaid in my Siſters Hearing*, (*as ſhe told me*,) That when the Prophets firſt came forth, he had acquir'd even almoſt as much as Sir *Charles Duncomb*, and had a Deſign to make himſelf worth full as much, but left the eager Purſuit thereof when he became a Believer in that Diſpenſation; *and is a Man ſo bigotted to that Affair, that if* John Potter *ſhould out-live him, he will be* (*as I have good reaſon to think*) *many Thouſands Pounds richer than he now is, for that Command*

Sum, which to the beſt of my Remembrance, reduc'd his Debt to leſs than 30 *l.* After which *Francis Horton* again threaten'd to arreſt me, and I (being privately inform'd, he was thus hard upon me with an Intent to ſink me in my Buſineſs, tho' now I really think, it was only to get his Money) affronted him, bidding him do his worſt, upon which he forthwith fetch'd a couple of Officers, the whilſt I ſtept aſide, and the next Day I went to the Counter, and put in Bail to his Action.

My ſtrange unpreſidented Mad Conduct in the two Years I was a Maſter Printer had brought me into ſeveral great Snares and Loſſes, there being many People in the World, who are glad to catch at any Opportunity (tho' never ſo diſhoneſt,) to make an Advantage of other People's Miſtakes. Of this ſort I had met with ſeveral: But who they are, and which Way, I ſhall not here relate, my Buſineſs being not to prove black Charges againſt any who have done me wrong, (the Lord forgive 'em, I freely do) but to own my Miſtakes and Failures wherein I was truly blame-worthy.

After I had been a Maſter-Printer, about two Years, I fail'd, when but a Day or two before I did not miſtruſt I could do amiſs. I thought my ſelf a great Favourite of Heaven, by what the Spirit thro' the Prophets had often told me upon my Knees, and imagin'd all Things therefore muſt go well with me. Beſides which, *John Potter* had agreed on an Affair, with me, unknown to the World, whereby I was to be made a topping Fellow.

My Reader may expect me here to give an Account of the Particulars between *John Potter*, &c. and my ſelf, I ſhall only inform him, that the Nature of the Caſe is ſuch, as is not fit the World ſhould know, and what muſt make ſome Perſons appear very black, to all wiſe and good Men, which I ſhall therefore here decline, tho' by ſo doing my Innocency as an honeſt Man, may very much ſuffer.

However Reader, not to detain thee long, when I thought I was moſt ſecure, I had all my Effects ſeiz'd to the real Value of ſome Hundred Pounds, by *John Potter*, &c. many of which were ſold for not a Quarter their Value, as I can prove at a proper Time, my Debts render'd diſputable, and I made Debtor by their unparrallel'd Proceeding, almoſt 1500 l. tho' if I may now judge of any thing, I think that Sum muſt be leſſen'd near half, whenever I have Juſtice done me.

And now, if the Devils in Hell had ſat in Conſult, I think

think they could not fix more lying Slanders than were given out againſt me, to the World, moſt of which were publiſh'd by my pretended Friends, ſome of the *Prophets* and their Followers.

I was now made the common Talk of almoſt all that ever knew me, and counted one of the vileſt Fellows and Cheats on the Face of the Earth; nay, had the Devil himſelf taken human Nature upon him, I can't but think he would have bluſh'd to hear the Heap of Slanders fix'd on me an innocent Man, innocent, with reſpect to what was fix'd upon me by *them*, tho' a vile Sinner in the Sight of a Holy God, tho' then I thought my ſelf not ſo, by the ſoothing lying flattering Spirit that preſided over the Prophets, that told me I was ſanctified, &c. So that I may truly expreſs my Caſe ſo far in the following Lines.

Often Iv'e been by * **Fiends** *careſs'd,*
And as 'twere, Deify'd,
By the ſame **Fiends** *I've been Oppreſs'd,*
Abus'd, Defam'd, Bely'd.

I had indeed acted very madly and bewitchedly, (as being no leſs than infatuated by the Devil) ſuch as borrowing Money upon great Intereſt, to lend it without, giving *Bonds and Judgments* for Money TO BE receiv'd, and never did receive it, giving at the Rate of 2, 3, 4, 5 Hundred *per Cent.* for Money to extricate my ſelf out of thoſe Difficulties I was in, by my former unpreſidented Conduct, Taking no Receipts for Money paid, truſting to what every body ſaid. Beſides which there was one Circumſtance which made me look very black to thoſe who did not know the true Reaſon of my ſo acting; *viz.* Whenever I had got the leaſt Notion or Project in my Brain of a Thing, I took it for granted, the Thing really was done, and I would act as if it were ſo. Whenever I imagin'd in the leaſt, I ſhould receive Money, I would promiſe it as faithfully as if I had had double the Sum by me ſo promis'd; ſo much was my Reaſon and Judgment deſtroy'd. Nor was it my Caſe alone, to be infatuated, but many others. An Inſtance or Two of which, take as follow, One

* *By* Fiends, *I mean the Spirits preſiding over, and governing the* Prophets, *when they ſo often bleſs'd me, (for I had more Bleſſings than I have inſerted in this my Book) and the ſame Spirits that influenc'd 'em to bely and ſlander me as they have done*

One *Johnſon* a ſober ſenſible Man, before he receiv'd the Agitations, had a Whim come into his Head, (being bleſs'd by the Prophets, and promis'd many great Things) to write as under Inſpiration to *Francis Moult*, and begins his pretended Inſpir'd Letter, as follows,

Mr. Moult, *my Little Colt,*
Pray lend me Forty Shillings.

Whether *my little Colt* did lend the Money, or no, I can't ſay. However this poor Man was ſo elevated with big Expectations, that he went up and down the Streets, and at ſeveral Places gave away Sums of Money, with a Mob after him, dreſs'd and acting like a Madman.

There was likewiſe one *Gardiner*, a Baker in *Southwark*, who ran ſtark raving mad, in a few Days after he had receiv'd Bleſſings from the Prophets. Nor could it be any other Thing that occaſion'd his Madneſs, but that *Spirit of Prophecy*, by reaſon he would act and ſpeak as they did. I was one that help'd to tie him down in his Bed, he almoſt all the while acting like the Prophets under Agitations, and ſpeaking like them.

John Dutton, Brother to *Thomas* beforementioned, a Youth of a ſweet natural Diſpoſition, and inoffenſive Life to Mankind, (one my Soul dearly loved) who dwelt at ——*Woodnot*'s, in *Hanging-Sword-Court*, Fleetſtreet, being promis'd vaſt Things by the Prophets, had the Agitations, being ſometimes elevated, and ſometimes terrify'd, one Morning got out of his Bed, went to the River of *Thames*, and drowned himſelf, to the Grief of all that knew him. At the News of which, *John Potter* fainted away, and to this very Day, whenever I think of it, it grieves me to a great Degree. However, *Anne Steed* had a Viſion of him (as ſhe ſaid,) a few Days after, wherein ſhe ſaw him *in an Ocean of Light, Life, and Love*, which I ſuppoſe (as an eminent Prophet likewiſe did) was as an Encouragement for others to do the like.

There was another Young Man, who receiv'd Bleſſings, and had the Agitations, who cut his Throat, but thro' Mercy, the Wound happened not to be mortal. I could name a Number, who have been ſo bewitched and infatuated by this Spirit, that have made Attempts to deſtroy themſelves, and have been ſo wretchedly intoxicated that they knew not what they did in their natural Affairs.

We

We had no leſs than Five Women amongſt us, (Four of which, I think, had great Bleſſings from moſt, if not all the Prophets) and each of theſe Women pretended her ſelf to be the Woman mentioned in *the Revelations* of *John*, who was *cloathed with the Sun*, one of whom was ſhe that call'd her ſelf the *Permanent Spring* before-mentioned, who would lift up her Cloaths, before a Company of Men and Women Believers, cry out, *Come in Chriſt, come in,---Come in Chriſt, come in.* This Woman was diſown'd after ſome Time, by the Spirit, thro' *John Potter*, tho' ſhe declar'd in Oppoſition to what he ſaid, *That ſhe was actuated by the very ſame Spirit he and the reſt were.* And truly, I now think ſhe was ſo.

One Inſtance more I ſhall give, and then have done upon this Head. When the Spirit had commanded the Inſpir'd to meet on *Chriſtmas-Day*, as their (Spirit expreſſed it, according to the Way of *Papiſts*,) as mentioned in the 43d and 44th Pages of this Book, for the pouring forth the miraculous Gifts, the very Houſe and Room was fix'd upon where it ſhould be, by the Spirit, and confirm'd by Viſion. It happen'd, that the Houſe ſo fix'd upon was tenanted by People that would by no means conſent the *Prophets* ſhould meet there, tho' earneſtly deſir'd by the Owner *A. Moreton*; after ſome Offers, and thoſe conſiderably too, the Perſons ſo tenanting ſtill refuſing, *O*, ſays *John Potter*, *Let us have a Room in the next Houſe* (that alſo belonging to the ſaid *A. Moreton*) *for the Spirit will break down the very Walls but it will come to us as it has promis'd.* But to proceed.

When I went from my Dwelling-houſe, I had not Ten Shillings, nay, I think not a Crown, (tho' my Accuſers knew in their own Conſciences, I might, if I had been a Knave, have carried off, at leaſt, 500 *l.* in Caſh, ſome Weeks before.

The very Day my Effects were ſeiz'd by my giving Bond and Judgment to *John Potter*, I was ſeiz'd with prodigious Fits of Laughter, after every Thing was gone from me, which I cannot yet account for.

In two or three Days after all was ſeiz'd, I went into the *Mint*, being wholly unacquainted with any Meaſures what to do otherwiſe, where in a few Days, I was forc'd to part with my Silver Shoe-Buckles to buy me Victuals.

My Printing-Houſe, *&c.* being apprais'd as uſual in Caſes of Seizure, there was much Villany acted towards me in that Affair, as I am able to make appear, whenever *John Potter* and I come

come to a fair Hearing before wiſe and judicious Perſons on each ſide, in Order to a juſt Accommodation betwixt us.

John Potter now became my Enemy, who but a little before had profeſs'd vaſt Friendſhip towards me; now vilifying me, at a great Rate. All Circumſtances and Accidents were ſearch'd into with Eagerneſs, to blacken a poor honeſt well-meaning bewitch'd man, and ſuch far fetch'd Falſities were daily given out againſt me, as if they had been immediately inſpir'd by the Father of Lies to utter them.

One Inſtance of *John Potter*'s Behaviour, I ſhall but here mention, for I would not willingly expoſe the Nakedneſs of Perſonal Faults of him that was my Brother; its what I abhor, but ſtrike at That, which if not deliver'd from, will prove of moſt dreadful Conſequence, *viz.* the eternal Damnation of his and their immortal Souls. While my Goods were appraiſing, a Letter came to my Dwelling-houſe, from my Mother's Brother's Daughter, wherein ſhe deſir'd my aſſiſtance (ſhe being but poor) for that ſhe was brought to Bed of two Children. No ſooner had *John Potter* read the Letter, as I was inform'd, but he cries out, to this Effect, before a Number of People preſent, *Ay, now we may ſee how he has run out his Money; here's a Letter from one of his Whores brought to Bed with two Children*; Thus this Slander took, and for ought I know, might be carried and reported a hundred Times over, tho' in a few hours after, he accidentally was inform'd by an Aunt that knew my Couſin aforeſaid, of the Truth of the whole matter, ſhe knowing her to be a poor honeſt married Woman, whom I before had reliev'd. From ſuch Circumſtances and Appearances as this, was my good Name as an honeſt Man, which was dearer to me than Life, taken away, and I branded, tho' moſt unjuſtly, as the worſt of Villains.

After ſome Time, I think about Six Weeks, I ſurrender'd my ſelf to my Bail, who were bound for my Appearance in the Suit of *Francis Horton*, (not being able to get in any Money from thoſe that ow'd me it, to ſave them harmleſs, tho' I attempted it ſeveral Ways, as I am able to prove) and accordingly went into the Priſon of *Ludgate*, where I was about a month, before I could get to be remov'd by *Habeas Corpus* to the Fleet. How I behav'd my ſelf in that Priſon any Enquirer may be ſatisfied by *James Smith*, one of the People called *Quakers*, dwelling near *Alderſgate-Bars*, who was Priſoner with me at the ſame Time.

What

What I remark in that Prison is, the egregious Folly of those Creditors who cast poor men into Prison, there to endure great Hardships, who (were they able) would with Pleasure, readily pay; besides which, it is fifty to one, if a Man goes into a Prison, with an honest Principle, but that he comes out again otherwise; for there are so many naughty principled People generally there who are willing to instruct 'em in ways and Means to cheat and defraud their Creditors; so that committing a poor unfortunate honest man to Prison when he has not wherewithal to pay, is like putting a Virgin to be a Servant at a Brothel-house.

While I was in *Ludgate*, a Person who had taken up a Weekly Paper of mine, which I had before engag'd in, who dwelling in *Paternoster-row*, came to me and told me, he must drop it, for he could make nothing of it, being unacquainted with the right method of Intelligence; I being unwilling to drop wholly what I had been at some score Pounds Charge to establish, and what would have been as an Estate to me, could I but have carry'd it on, upon its first Establishment, took it up again, as having nothing to depend on to get my Bread in a Prison, but the News-paper, which was called by the Name of the *London-Post*. When I undertook it in the Prison I was put to very great Difficulties to print it, being forced to pledge my Cloaths off my Back for Paper to print with.

All the while I dwelt in *Black-fryars* and *Pater-noster-row* I had a firm Belief the *Prophets* were of God, and I now believe could have then laid down my Life for it. I remember a Prophetess spoke a Warning in my Parlour, at which my Heart was very much rejoic'd with the Thoughts that God should condescend to speak in my House.

After I had turn'd my self over to the Fleet, with my Father's Assistance I purchas'd the Liberty of the Rules, and printed my News-Paper at the Widow *Collins*'s in *Black and White Court*, being often put to very great Straits and uncommon Difficulties, till becoming acquainted with one *Elizabeth Steed* (who us'd to beat the Dwelling House of *Hannah Green*, where I lodg'd she being a Woman that had known the Smiles of the World as well as the Frowns of it. This Woman was a sensible, sober Woman, (as far as ever I saw) too generous to be rich, who was a Prisoner for a small Debt at the Suit of *Joseph Fosset*, Linnen-Draper in *Southwark*, who (as I have been inform'd) has done barbarously by her. With this *Eliza-*

eed, I contracted a ſtrict and innocent Friendſhip, and ſhe
bſerving ſomewhat particularly honeſt and well-meaning in
e, propos'd for my Service, a Friend's buying me a Preſs
d Letter, for the better carrying on my Buſineſs. This
as a wonderful Providence of God, and I deſire thee, Chri-
ian Reader, to take particular Notice of it, which tho' it
d not anſwer the good End deſign'd, yet inſtrumentally
ov'd of great Good, as I ſhall demonſtrate. I went on print-
g my Paper Time after Time, it turning to very little Ac-
unt by reaſon it had been balk'd when I went from *Pater-
ſter-row*. As ſoon as a Preſs was bought, it was put up at
e *Cheſhire-Coffee-Houſe* in *King's Arms-Court*, *Ludgate-hill*, and
y Friend beſpoke a new Font of Letter which was ſent in
ere for my Uſe. I muſt acquaint my Reader, ſometimes
y Circumſtances were ſo low, that I often wanted Food, and
ing naturally very proud, I could not diſcloſe my Mind to
y one, nor could I bear to be too burdenſome to her that had
ne ſo generouſly by me.

During my Continuance thus, I had a great deal of un-
mmon Anguiſh of mind, upon the baſe Reports given out a-
inſt me by ſome of the Prophets and their Followers. Rea-
r, thou canſt not imagine the Pain my mind was in, when
heard Facts charged on me, of which I was innocent as the
be unborn. Cutting my Fleſh, or burning it with Fire was
ore tolerable than what I endur'd at Times on account of my
putation. I can only tell thee Chriſtian Reader, for thy
mpathy, it was like what *Solomon* expreſſes by crying out, *A
ounded Spirit, who can bear?* I went on thus, Time after Time,
d had by this Time little Senſe of Religion, or of the great
oncern of my eternal Salvation. Sometimes when I made
eflections back on the Knavery, Barbarity, Treachery, Deceit
d Ingratitude of thoſe I had been concern'd with, and a great
al practic'd under religious Pretences, and knowing within
y ſelf my own ſincere Deſires of performing the exacteſt Ju-
ce from a rooted innate Principle in me, I would think all
eligion and the Pretences to it, were a Cheat; ſometimes I
s ready almoſt to be a Deiſt, if not an Atheiſt, and would be
dy to conclude with the Fool, who ſaid, *There is no God.*
other Times I would think if there was any true Religion
the World, That of the Prophets was of God, notwith-
nding I had in a wicked Spirit expos'd 'em in my Paper.
metimes I would weep bitterly for my outward Circumſtan-

ce,

ces, when I reflected on the Injuſtice done me, and ſome times I had a ſecret Hope I ſhould have a Deliverance from my Trouble, and Belief that my Enemies ſhould be cover'd with Shame. But to proceed,

My ſincere and hearty Deſire of doing Juſtice to my Creditors who ſuffer'd greatly by the raſh Procedure of the Prophets, put me upon ſome deſperate attempts which I did not ſee That Evil in, as I afterwards came to be truly ſenſible of, *viz.* About the Time the late Inſurrection was in *Scotland*, in behalf of the Perſon call'd the *Pretender* againſt the preſent King *George*, there was a Printed Paper privately diſpers'd up and down, giving a formal Account of a great Victory gain'd by the Forces of the former over thoſe of the latter. This Paper I inſerted in my *London-Poſt*, and tho' it was all a Lie, yet ſo took, that I ſold as many Papers, that I think I clear'd near 15 *l.* This Money I paid away where I ow'd it, ſome within the Rules, and ſome to thoſe I was indebted to before I broke. Thus fluſh'd with Succeſs in the doing of Evil, that Good might come of it, I went on to print Things offenſive to the Government, and was fetch'd out of the Rules of the Fleet, by a couple of the King's Meſſengers, and carried to the Houſe of ——— *Watſon* in *Charles* Court in the *Strand*. This being the Second Time of my being a State-Priſoner ſince I came into the Fleet, and the Third ſince King *George* came to the Crown, I became ſomewhat acquainted with that poor unhappy Perſon, *William Paul*, Prieſt, who was kept in Cuſtody at the ſame Houſe, for taking up Arms in the late Inſurrection; he afterwards being committed to *Newgate*, was for that Fact, arrain'd, and pleading guilty to the Indictment, was ſometime after put to Death at *Tyburn*.

This poor Man, while he was at ——— *Watſon's* behav'd himſelf very courteouſly, was of a facetious and pleaſant Behaviour, and one Time particularly he joked with me, ſaying, *Mr.* Keimer, *if I am hang'd, you ſhall print my dying Speech*; little thinking, I ſuppoſe poor Man, he ſhould die ſo ſoon a Death. While he remain'd there, he read the Prayers (as they are call'd) for King *George* almoſt every Morning, with ſome of the Family.

I ſhall not omit an odd Circumſtance which happen'd to him one Day while I was there, which by ſome perhaps may be counted ſomewhat remarkable, *viz.* He having a Piece of Gold in his Pocket, which (to the beſt of my Remembrance

was a *Moidore*, which broke in his Pocket in three or four ſeveral Pieces, but how it became ſo, he ſaid, he could not tell. This Sort of Money having for its Motto, *In hoc ſigno vinces*, with the Figure of a Croſs upon it, may cauſe ſome People to look upon that Accident as an Omen of his Death, which not long after happen'd.

During my Stay at *Charles-Court*, the Perſon that relinquiſh'd my News-paper, took it up again while I was in Cuſtody; and he being reſolv'd to engage in it again, got a Fellow to write it for him, who putting in Scurrility reflecting on ſome Perſons in Cuſtody where I had been, and putting my Name to it, it was publiſh'd, and gave great Diſguſt to thoſe that eſteem'd my Paper, who blam'd me for what I knew nothing of. Thus have I been often adjudg'd, and condemn'd for what I was far from acting; and Slander, like Water ſpilt upon hard Stone, is ſure to ſpread, and a long Time before it's loſt.

After I had been ſome Time confin'd, upon petitioning I was ſent back to the Rules of the Fleet, without being exami'd at the Secretary's Office. But not taking Warning by this Clemency, I went ſtill on to inſert in my Paper, what gave freſh Diſtaſte to the Powers then in being; amongſt which, was a Paper call'd the *Declaration* of the Perſon call'd the *Pretender*, whereby *I* got many Pounds which *I* likewiſe paid away, by Driblets, as 10, 20, and 40 *s.* at a Time, where I ow'd it, ſometimes not leaving my ſelf wherewithal to buy Neceſſaries. The *Declaration* having paſs'd without Notice from the Government, in two or three Weeks after, as *I* was about putting my News-paper to the Preſs, *I* heard an Outcry upon the Stairs, for the Street-Door to be ſhut and guarded, when immediately ruſh'd into the room two of the King's Meſſengers, who ſeizing on all preſent in the room, with a Proof of what was about to be printed, which was a private Paper, entitled *Advice to all true hearted Scotſmen and others*, *I* and my Siſter the Propheteſs, with a Journeyman, were all carried away to the Dwelling-Houſe of *William Moggee*, in *Oxenden-Street*, where continuing a few Days, ſhe was diſcharg'd, after Examination, and I remanded back to the Fleet, a cloſe Priſoner, and my Man confin'd in Cuſtody, as I ſuppoſd, for an Evidence againſt me, when I came to my Trial.

While I was in the Fleet, my Friend *E. Steed* aſſiſted me, I think, to the utmoſt of her Power, bringing me Victuals, and viſiting me two or three Times a Week, hoping to ſee me get

out of my Troubles, and often would adviſe me not to meddle or make with the Government, which *I* often promis'd, but never kept my Word, imagining *I* ſhould get out of my Afflictions by that very Way all wiſe Men muſt judge was the direct contrary.

While *I* was cloſe confin'd in the Fleet-priſon, I compos'd my News-paper, generally my ſelf, and was confin'd there, about Sixteen Weeks (as *I* take it) in which Time, I had very bitter Diſtreſſes and Grief of Mind, when reflecting on the Hardſhips at Times *I* endur'd.

While I was harraſs'd up and down in the ſeveral Places, I became acquainted with ſeveral *Roman-Catholicks*, with whom I had no ſmall Converſation, having at Times a hankering Deſire after being fix'd upon a Rock ſpiritually. The ſubtle Arguments they ſeverally laid down, were ſeemingly ſubſtantial, and the String, a very cunning one harp'd upon, was, the great *Injuſtice* done 'em by the *Proteſtants*, who not regarding Juſtice, Truth, or any thing ſacred, did rob them of their Lands and made Acts of Parliaments, to ſuppreſs their Religion which had been ſo univerſal, and ſo many hundred Years ſtanding; with abundance of ſophiſtical Arguments which I ſhall not here mention, leſt weak Minds ſhould be hurt thereby. *I* had a Belief in *Purgatory* when among the *Prophets*, from ſome Conſequences drawn from Premiſes laid down, and particularly from a Viſion or Dream of *John Potter*, which he ſaid he had, of *Nathaniel Sheppard* beforementioned, and ——— *Boulter*, who were both Believers, and had been promis'd before, that they ſhould work Miracles, but were then both departed this Life. This Viſion, as he ſaid, was to the Effect following, *That he ſaw* N. Sheppard *and* ——— Boulter *in a Room, which was called the* Stripping Room, *where they had their filthy Garments taken off, and were cloathed by Angels, who conducted 'em into a glorious Place, where he ſaw an innumerable Company of Angels, who with the two that had been ſtript, ſang aloud*, Never, Never, Never,—— Never, Never, Never,——— Never Sin more.

From ſuch Viſions, and being commanded by the Spirit to have the Piece of Parchment before-mentioned, (whereon were our new Names written) put into our Coffins, and laid on our Breaſts near our Hearts when we dy'd; the lighted Candles at our Meetings; the wearing the Green Ribbon; being mark'd

mark'd in the Forehead with holy Water; I, with ſeveral others, had a very favourable Opinion of Popery.

Sometimes I thought to be reconciled to the Church of *Rome*, and at other Times I conſider'd the Glory and Beauty of the Church of Chriſt did not conſiſt in that outward Pomp and Worldly Grandure the Church of *Rome* was adorn'd with, but was altogether of a ſpiritual Nature; however ſo deep a Pitch of Darkneſs I was faln into, that when going to my reſt a Nights, I us'd often to croſs my ſelf, ſottiſhly believing by that Means, I ſhould be preſerv'd from all Evil.

I remember'd well, when among the Prophets, one of the moſt eminent, if not the higheſt in Eſteem among them, whoſe Name I ſhall not at preſent mention, had inculcated into my Mind, the Injuſtice of detaining the Abbey-Lands from the Church of *Rome*, and moreover, told me, that thoſe who poſſeſs'd them generally never throve, but were blaſted; this gave me a further Opinion of Popery; and eſpeally conſidering my Spiritual Guide had a high Eſteem for the Profeſſors of the Religion of *Rome*, as this Prophet had, having not only Friendly Converſation with them, but when a Batchelor, us'd to have a cunning *Papiſt* lodge with him.

With ſuch like pernicious Notions as theſe, (when young) was my Mind debauch'd, and I experimentally found how *à propos* the following Subject (given me when a School-boy, to diſcourſe upon) was now adapted to my Caſe.

Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens ſervabit odorem
Teſta diu.———

Which for the Underſtanding of my *Engliſh* Reader, I thus tranſlate, leaving him to make the Application.

Pour Liquor into
A Cask *that is new,*
That Cask *ſhall long Time hold the* Scent
And Taſte *will remain,*
Of what it firſt did contain,
Whether Vinegar, Beer, Oil, *or* Tent.

But to proceed,

The preſſing Difficulties I ſtruggled with, had not yet made me forfeit my Integrity as an honeſt Man, (notwithſtanding the many Slanders of thoſe Imps of Hell, *Some of the Prophets*,) but however, Reader, behold the ſubtle Working of Satan in my Heart, to deſtroy my Senſe of Honeſty, as he had done before my little Senſe of true Religion; A certain Bookſeller, with whom I had formerly dealt, having detain'd ſome Money due to me, (he being known to be a Sharper) I thought I might lawfully print a Copy belonging to him in my Paper, which I accordingly did, having receiv'd the Notion among the Prophets, of the Lawfulneſs of the *Iſraelites* robbing the *Egyptians*; applying that Story to my Caſe, *viz.* That it was lawful for me to rob him that had defrauded me, being ignorant that the Holy Goſpel of Chriſt forbids the Doing the leaſt Evil for Evil.

All theſe Circumſtances of my ſtrange Behaviour may appear black at firſt view; but every impartial conſiderate Perſon (*I* think) will judge otherwiſe when he knows it was owing more to my miſtaken Notions of Honeſty and Juſtice, than to the wilful deſigned Breach of either. Furthermore, than what I have mentioned, I'll here now chal'enge the whole World to prove one ſingle Act of Injuſtice done by me to any Man living. But to return to what is more to the purpoſe.

After I had got from being cloſe confin'd in the Fleet, I went on printing my News paper, which by this Time was at a very low Ebb, as were my Circumſtances; and by reaſon I had run in Arrears to the Commiſſioners for the King's Duty on Printing, my News-paper was not ſuffer'd to be enter'd; upon which *I* chang'd the Title of my Paper, putting a couple of Cutts on the Frontiſpiece, much like the ſame that were upon a Paper call'd *Robins Laſt Shift*, and call'd it by the Name of the *Weekly Journal*. I had not printed this Paper above eight Times, but I was again fetch'd away, with the Landlady of the *Cheſhire Coffee-Houſe*, by the King's Meſſenger, and carry'd to the Houſe of ——— *Watſon* aforeſaid in *Charles-Court*. This was the Fifth Time of my being a State-Priſoner, and the Seventh from my firſt dwelling in *Black-fryars*; moſt of which, *I* ſincerely believe were owing to ſome infatuating Whimſies *I* had ſuck'd in while among the Prophets. I was naturally inoffenſive to all Mankind, and had *I* been

rightly

ightly inform'd in religious Matters, I could not have dared o have done what I did in that Nature.

The Paragraphs I inſerted in my *Weekly Journal*, which gave Offence were as follow, which I humbly hope will not be ofenſive now, for ſeveral Reaſons, particularly becauſe now they re inſerted, as wholly diſapprov'd of by me, and as ſome of the Fruits of Unrighteouſneſs I have been adjudg'd and condemn'd for, by the Spirit of Chriſt, as reveal'd in me; which Paragraphs take as follow,

Yeſterday Mr. *Hall*, formerly in Commiſſion of the Peace, in *Northumberland*, and the reverend Mr. *William Paul* were drawn in a Hurdle from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, and there executed, as in Caſes of High-Treaſon; the latter wearing his Canonical Habit. As they paſs'd to their Execution, a few hired Miſcreants inſulted the miſerable Gentlemen who had compoſed themſelves to their Devotions, but the Spirit of the generous, good-natur'd Engliſh Populace not bearing to ſee ſuch an Inhumanity offered to their dying Countrymen, preſently took the rude Raſcals to Task, and gave ſome of them the Baſtinado, and hunted them to diverſe Streets of the Town. I ſuppoſe the Spirit of theſe hiſſing Serpents was griev'd that the CHURCH was not alſo to be executed with her Clergy, but that will never be ſo as long as St. *Andrew* is the Guardian Angel of *Holbourn-hill*.

The far greater Part of the Spectators expreſs'd a great deal of Sorrow with Cries and Tears at ſo moving a Sight, great Numbers counting themſelves happy if they could but embrace them, or even touch the Hem of their Garments.

When

When they came to the Place of Execution Mr. *Paul* made a learned and long Speech to the People, wherein he juſtified his riſing in Arms, and exhorted the People to reſtore the Chevalier, whom he call'd King *James* III. but *Preſton* the under Sheriff interrupted him, becauſe 'twas not a fit Place to preach in, and threaten'd if he made an End of that Text, that his Body ſhould be mangled and cut to Pieces when he was dead; but he told him, not fearing thoſe that kill the Body, he wiſh'd he had Limbs enough to ſet a Quarter upon every Pariſh-Church in *England*, as a Token that he dy'd a Martyr to *Church of England* Loyalty. He dy'd with great Courage and Conſtancy to his Cauſe (a thouſand Pities he did not ſee his Error.)

Mr. *Hall* would have made a Speech, but the under-Sheriff would not ſuffer him, upon which both he and Mr. *Paul* deliver'd their written Speeches into his Hand, and charged him very ſolemnly to print the ſame faithfully; for they had left Copies with their Friends: He ſaid he would conſider on it, which if Printed, we ſhall inſert in our next.

N. B. When the Regicides were executed at *Charing-Croſs*, the Sheriff was not in ſo much Haſte to put them out of the Way, as may be ſeen by the tedious Speeches and Prayers of two Hours long, according to the Puritanical Faſhion of thoſe Times.

For theſe Paragraphs in my News-paper, after three Weeks Confinement in *Charles-Court*, (my Landlady being bail'd out) I was carried thence by Warrant from the Lord *Townſhend* to

he Gatehouſe at *Weſtminſter*, and there committed with ſeveral ther Printers who were Journeymen, for privately printing Paper call'd *The Shift Shifted*.

We had not long been there, before the Inhabitants, who were miſerable Wretches, demanded what they call'd *Garniſh*, ach amounting to 9 *s.* 6 *d.* For my Part, I had not one Farhing if ſo much would have clear'd me, and *I* ſuppoſe, thoſe committed with me were not much better provided. While I was riding in the Coach to the *Gatehouſe*, I could not but reflect upon the various Scenes I had gone thro', and what I had ſeen, felt and heard. However *I* muſter'd up all the Courage I could, being now made ſo familiar with moſt ſorts of Trouble, that I was almoſt fearleſs of whatever could happen.

It was on the Seventh Day of the Week, that I was committed, and I had not eat any thing that Day, tho' I might if I would, before I came from *Watſon*'s. However, towards Evening I ſent to my Old Friend *Steed*, who had often kindly aſſiſted me, who ſent me a ſmall Matter for my preſent Support, not leaving her ſelf any more, beſides what ſhe ſent me. With this, and what the other Priſoners Friends ſent them, we refreſh'd our ſelves with what the Goal afforded, which was but very wretched at beſt.

Night being come, and we oblig'd to be lock'd up in our Rooms, or rather Dens, Seven Shillings and Sixpence was demanded for the firſt Week's Lodging from each of us, Sixpence a piece for a Chamberpot, and if I miſtake not, a Shilling for a clean pair of Sheets, but upon our promiſe of paying the Demands in a Day or two, we were truſted, and ſafely conducted to our new Lodging.

The Room, I with another was lock'd in, was about five Foot broad, and we had about two Foot in length to walk in, above the Space our Bed took up. In this Hole were we lock'd 14 or 15 Hours at a Time, not having any other Light except that of a Candle, but what came in at two Holes, each about as big as the Crown of ones Hat, near the Cieling and thoſe too at ſecond Hand, thro' another Room, not over light.

The next Day being what was call'd Sunday, ſeveral who were committed a little before, paid their Garniſh of 9 *s.* 6 *d.* each, which was laid out as follows, 18 *d.* for a Half Peck Loaf, (tho' Bread was but about ſo much a Peck in another Place,) 4 *d.* a Mug for Drink which ſtunk wretchedly, being dead, thick and ſow'r, they having had but little Draught for it, among thoſe miſerable Creatures, who were generally the very

very Scum of Thieves, ſuch as Pickpockets, Shoplifters, Houſe-Breakers, &c. and ſome Part in Cheeſe, Jenevre, Pipes and Tobacco.

The Room we us'd to be in was call'd the *Tap-Room*, and the only one we were allow'd to continue in, in the Day-time, (which was but a very poor little, naſty, dark, ſtinking Hole,) was the Place of general Rendezvous upon this Occaſion, but what with the moſt horrid Swearing and Blaſphemy, execrable unnatural filthy Talk, gingling of their Fetters, the Place ſeem'd, as it were, to be the very Sink-hole of Hell. What Curſings, what Yelling for a piece of Bread, Cheeſe, or Pipe did I hear, what Fightings, Roarings, Rantings was I witneſs to? Surely the remembrance thereof will come freſh to my Mind at Times, as long as I continue in this World.

After a few Days my Wife, (who all the while ſince my firſt Troubles, liv'd with, and was kindly maintain'd by her Relations) came with my Friend *Steed*, and brought as much Money, got with Difficulty, as paid my Weeks Chamber-Rent and Garniſh, which was no ſmall Comfort to me, I being in fear of being ſtript of thoſe few Cloaths on my Back, as was ſeveral times threaten'd, for the Non-payment of the latter.

In about two or three Weeks Time, ſeveral State-Priſoners remov'd themſelves by *Habeas Corpus* before a Judge, and were admitted to Bail, and I was left, not being able by any means to do the ſame, now being very deſtitute.

I now began to have a Notion of true Friendſhip, and found by fatal Experience, my former Ideas thereof, were, like my *Prophetical Religion*, only Chimerical, and tho' I knew formerly many, who profeſs'd vaſt Friendſhip to me, and to whom I had done great and uncommon Services when in Proſperity, now I wanting ſome ſmall Aſſiſtance, I found 'em all nothing more than Summer-Friends, of no Service in the hard Winter of my Adverſity, often reflecting on the Truth of the Saying of that witty Poet, who being aſk'd to tranſlate the Verſe, *Donec eris felix*, &c. readily reply'd,

While Fortune *keeps thee* warm,
Then Friends will to thee ſwarm,
Like Bees *about a* Honey-Pot:
But if She *chance to frown,*
And rudely kicks thee down,
Why then,— What then! — Lie there and rot.

This

This was now my Caſe, almoſt without Exception. But no more of that at preſent, I ſhall return to give my Reader ſome Account of Paſſages tranſacted in this doleful Priſon, while I was there, which may afford ſome little Diverſion to him, and which he may depend upon as real Matter of Fact, without any falſe Gloſſing thereon.

After I had been confin'd ſome Time, a Woman well dreſs'd was brought in, and I being glad by this Time, when any freſh Priſoner was committed, that I might partake of the Garniſh, went to her, and accoſted her, with a *Madam, I'm very ſorry for your Misfortune of coming here, pray what are you committed for?* upon which ſhe return'd my Compliment, anſwering me with ſomewhat of Gravity, *The Pocket-Lay, Sir.* The Pocket-Lay, thought I, within my ſelf, What's that? I ſuppoſing her by her Garb to be a State-priſoner, and asking one of her Acquaintance afterwards what the Pocket-Lay was, was told She was one that practis'd *Buttock and File*, which was to pick up a Gentleman in the Night, and carry him into a dark Alley, when while each were buſy together, her Bully who was lurking hard by, makes up to the Gentleman, ſwearing horribly, demanding in a Paſſion, how he dares to offer any Incivility to his Wife, with ſuch like Stuff; the mean while the Jilt marches off with the Booty, whether it be Watch, Gold, Snuff-Box, or ſuch like Moveable. This, it ſeems, was call'd *Buttock and File*, and what this Woman was committed for, having got from her Cull (as they term'd the Perſon ſo robb'd) near 40 Guineas.

Another Time, when looking thro' the Grate towards the Priſon Gate, on a Firſt Day Morning, ſeveral of the Priſoners with my ſelf eſpy'd a Coach ſtrongly ſurrounded with a Conſtable, Beadle, Watchman, *&c.* upon which a *Bowman Prigg* in the Goal (which was the canting-name for a Houſe-breaker) loudly calls out to know who was in the Coach, and was immediately anſwe'd by one who popp'd his Head out of the Coach, *We are all* Moy-Culls, that is, as I afterwards was told, *We are all jolly Fellows of the ſame Gang.* Theſe happen'd to be three young Fellows who had been out the Night before, a *Snabling the Clies*, that is, ſnatching off Womens Pockets, and were brought handcuff'd in the Coach. One of theſe was a little while after hang'd, a ſecond having Friends eſcap'd that Time, and the third who made himſelf an Evidence, now lies in Newgate, in Order for Tranſportation. This Fellow when about to be fetter'd, bid the Turnkey not put him

on

on a light pair of Fetters, as if he was a Sheep-ſtealer, b
give him a pair of Irons as would make him look like a Ma
ſo harden'd were theſe poor miſerable Wretches, altho' at t
Brink of the Gallows, they would not forbear ſporting wi
what would fill any ſober Perſon with Horror.

It was much about this Time, two Fellows were co
mitted there by Juſtice *Collins*, in Commiſſion of the Peace f
the Liberty of *Weſtminſter*, on Suſpicion of being concern'd
breaking open ſeveral Houſes thereabouts a few Days befo
As ſoon as theſe Rogues whoſe Names were *Robert Evans* a
Thomas Mills were brought in, one of them ſwore horrid
that nothing vex'd him, but that he could not come at his P
ſtols when taken, that he might have ſhot the Conſtab
who took him, they being in his Pocket when ſeiz'd, a
they both being taken out of Bed, were committed only on Su
picion.

In a few Hours after came the Juſtice, and after havi
pitch'd upon him that ſeem'd the moſt eaſy to be wroug
upon, would have talk'd with him apart to perſwade him
a Confeſſion; the other ſeeing his Companion going with t
Juſtice, calls to him, and bids him anſwer no Queſtions,
the ſame Time abuſing and affronting the Juſtice at a hig
rate.

After a Day or two, the Juſtice order'd *Evans* to Newga
and quickly after *Mills* made a large Confeſſion to him, diſc
vering 39 Burglaries, he with his Accomplices, had committe
in about a Year and half paſt. In the mean while *Evans*
Newgate, makes another Confeſſion, but that not being
large as *Mills*'s, was not accepted. While *Mills* was abo
giving in his Information, comes a Woman from Newga
and hearing what *Mills* was doing, fell a crying, and knoc
ing at the Door of the Room where *Mills* was, calling hi
out from the Juſtice. Her firſt Greeting to him, was, *Lor*
Tom. *what are you doing, Will you take away my Husband*
Life? Will you murder my Husband? with more to that Effe
crying and wringing her Hands in a lamentable manner. *To*
who now ſeem'd ſomewhat daſh'd at her crying and roarin
told her he had done nothing as yet that would hurt any on
and ask'd her what he ſhould do. *Do* (ſaid ſhe) *why confe*
nothing more to him, and ſay I'm your Wife, Tom. *and I'll m*
nage him, with much more to the like Purpoſe. *Tom*, upo
this, returns with his new pretended Wife to the Juſtice wi
was waiting with his Clerk, *Tom*'s Levee all the while, and te
hi

him, *he would confeſs no more*, &c. his Wife (as ſhe was call'd) abuſing the Juſtice, telling him, *Her Husband ſhould ſwear no Man's Life away, nor ſhould he confeſs any more.* The Juſtice, who had acted with abundance of Prudence and Patience in this Affair, calmly reply'd, *Woman, if this be thy Husband, thou haſt hang'd thy Husband, he's as a dead Man; he has already confeſs'd enough to hang him*, &c. and quickly after went away.

Not long after this, the Juſtice came again to the Goal, with a Warrant and Conſtable, and having ſecur'd the pretended Wife, quickly after gets a full Confeſſion from *Mill*'s, the Subſtance of which was publiſh'd in the *Poſtboy*.

Seſſions coming on, *Mills* was Evidence againſt *Evans*, and ſeveral others, who receiv'd Sentence of Death, and were afterwards executed at *Tyburn*. The Day before the Execution of *Evans*, his Siſter came to *Mills* who was ſtill in the Gatehouſe, and playing at Cards. Her coming, it ſeems, was about a Caſe of Conſcience, for that her Brother had order'd her to bring him privately ſome loaded Piſtols, a Saw, and other ſuch like Utenſils, in Order to attempt an Eſcape, but ſhe being doubtful of doing it, came to adviſe with *Tom Mills* concerning it. This Account *Mills* gave me and ſeveral other Priſoners after ſhe was gone, and by ſeveral Circumſtances I ſaw and heard, I really believe it might be very true. *Mills*, as he ſaid, diſſwaded her from any ſuch aſſiſting her Brother, and after their both ſhedding Tears, *Mills* ſaying, *If he had not* Povey'd *firſt*, (that being the canting Term for impeaching one another) *as we had liv'd like Brothers, we would have dy'd like Brothers.* After a great deal of ſuch Diſcourſe, *Evans*'s Siſter told him *ſhe had left a ſtrict Charge with the* Ordinary *to take great Care of her Brother's Soul*, and ſo they parted.

The next Day came in a Comrade of *Mills*'s who had been juſt ſeeing *Evans*, *&c.* going to Execution, and with an Air of Pleaſantry, as if he had juſt came from a Wedding, accoſts *Tom* after the Manner following, *Well, I have juſt been to ſee poor* Rob *go to be Hang'd, and he made a handſome Appearance, and went to die as much like a Man as ever I ſaw a Fellow in all my Life, he never ſhedding ſo much as one Tear.* This and ſuch like, were the Language and Behaviour of thoſe miſerable Wretches, whoſe Company I was oblig'd to be in in the Day-time, by reaſon there was but one ſmall Room for us all, whether State-priſoners, Debtors or Thieves. But to return to what concerns my ſelf more immediately.

By

By this Time my outward Circumſtances were very deplorable, and Hardſhips grew very preſſing, had no Friends, little or no Money, every thing very dear, ſuch Company, the Priſon abounding with Vermin, all which join'd with that filthy Diſtemper the Itch, and a Fear and Dread of being lock'd down on the Common-ſide, and dreading a ſevere Proſecution from the Government, did at times very much terrify me. Sometimes I would ſing, rant and roar among the reſt, to drown the Senſe of my Afflictions; ſometimes thinking all Mankind to be a parcel of Cheats, and had neither Religion, Gratitude or Honeſty, and their Pretences of that kind, were altogether fallacious. When I reflected back on the Prophets, I was fill'd with Indignation againſt them, at other times could not but have ſome Belief they were of God, tho' ſome of 'em had done barbarouſly by me.

It was uſual for ſeveral of us on the Maſters-ſide, rather than not be lock'd up to our ſeveral Apartments at ſeven or eight a clock at night, to join a ſmall Matter of Money for what the Goal afforded; at ſuch Times as theſe, the Thieves would tell and boaſt of their Exploits, how many Pockets they had got of a Night, how cleverly they could break open a Houſe, the ſeveral Puniſhments they had receiv'd by Whipping, Duckings, *&c.* For my Part, I us'd to divert the Company either with Stories I'd read formerly, ſinging, or *Preaching* (as it was impiouſly call'd) *a Quakers Sermon*, which I ſeveral Times acted with great Applauſe from the Company, mixing my Diſcourſe with ſomewhat filthy. To ſuch a High Pitch of Wickedneſs and Madneſs was I now arriv'd to, being like one ſporting with and flinging about Fire among Barrels of Gunpowder.

I well remember one Time in my Gallantry, as I was ridiculing the holy Ordinance of God, I was ſecretly reprov'd in my own Mind, for what I was about; my Heart fail'd me, my Spirits ſunk, and I was ſo terrify'd that I intended never more to act the ſame.

My Hardſhips ſtill more and more encreaſing, I began to have this Conſideration, *What if I ſhould die there.* I ſaw my Circumſtances now very deplorable, no Friend that I knew of that could or would ſerve me; I had had a pretty deal of Money at times from my Father (conſidering his Circumſtances being an honeſt middling Tradeſman, living decently and reputably among his Neighbours, and more ſo before that *French Prophetical Deluſion* came into his Family, and begun a Scene of

of Diſtraction and Confuſion therein) and ſo could not expect or deſire any more from him; my Friend Steed's Circumſtances were now ſomewhat contracted, and ſhe cou'd not aſſiſt me as uſual; ſo that I was, every Thing conſider'd, in a very miſerable Condition.

Under theſe heavy Preſſures I had at times ſecret Shocks of Mind and a ſort of Dread upon my Spirits, upon a Suppoſition of my ending my Days there; ſometimes I had ſtrong Reſolutions if I could but once more get out of the Government's Hands, never more to offend in the like Nature. I ſaw by woful Experience, 'twas a very fooliſh Way to propoſe the Payment of my Debts by libelling the Government, and the Money I had before got that way, did not yield ſatisfaction.

As I gave my ſelf leave ſeriouſly to think, God, who is infinitely gracious, began to work in my Soul ſome tender Meltings towards him, and I began to have ſome Senſe of my Sin, and the dreadful Condition I was in thereby. 'Twas here the Loving Kindneſs of a tender compaſſionate Benefactor call'd loudly upon me in my own Soul, and as I gave heed thereto, I found my ſelf more and more awaken'd, and had a clearer Diſcovery of my own Vileneſs. I was now drawn to ſeek the Lord, by earneſt Prayer, crying to him to be enlighten'd and cleans'd from my bloody Pollutions, and that he would make known the Way of his Salvation unto me; pouring forth my Soul with Tears and Groans; having the ſweet Opportunity of lodging in a Room by my ſelf.

My Fellow Priſoners quickly diſcern'd a ſtrange Alteration in me, attributing my Reſervedneſs as the Effect of Melancholly, &c. and I did not dare to be ſo free with them as uſual, having ſtrong Reſolutions in deep Humility to become a new Man, my Pride and Ambition which were naturally connected to me, began to loſe Ground in me, and my Will and Affections having another Byaſs. Day after Day, I waited on the ſecret Motions of the Bleſſed God in my own Heart, and Night after Night I bitterly bewail'd my many paſt Tranſgreſſions, my Soul being ſo enlarg'd, that in deep Agony I was forc'd at times to break forth in loud Cries, ſo that I was heard by one or more of the Priſoners in an adjacent Room, who gave it out, profanely ſcoffing, that the Devil was coming to fetch me, with many more ſuch like Expreſſions.

The holy and ever bleſſed Jeſus ſtood knocking at the Door of my Heart, and I with Thouſands of Tears, truly watering my Bolſter therewith, was made willing in this bleſſed Day of his Power, to receive him, and cloſe with his holy Requirings. I ſaw by his pure clear Light, that my Life for ſeveral Years paſt had been as it were, one continu'd Act of Sin, fulfilling the Deſires of the Fleſh, in the Luſts thereof, ſeeking the Pomp and Grandeur of this periſhing World, aiming and aſpiring at great Things far out of my Reach; I ſaw clearly the many ſinful Practices in my Trade, ſuch as printing and ſelling of looſe, profane Books, often ſlandering ſober Men, and ſetting People at Variance, to get Money, printing and publiſhing pretended Sermons, and foiſting them into the World, with many ſuch cuſtomary Ways of impoſing upon Mankind.

My Mind became more and more engag'd Godward, and I had tender Pity and Compaſſion for the Souls of my former ſincere Brethren among the Prophets, whom I clearly ſaw were under very dangerous and ſtrong Deluſions; I now came to ſee the Bleſſings given me by them, were no other than the flattering Promiſes of the Devil, who was a Liar from the Beginning, in Order to hinder my working out my Salvation with Fear and Trembling. I now had no Anger againſt thoſe among 'em who had, and were reviling and ſlandering me; but on the contrary, my Soul was brought into a Spirit of Meekneſs, Humility and Penitence.

My outward Wants encreaſing, I wrote to ſeveral of my former Acquaintance for Relief, but with little Succeſs, except from one who had known the different Stations of Life, from the Cloſet Converſation of a KING and QUEEN, to the fatiguing Difficulties of a Dungeon, who with his welcome Kindneſs, ſent me the following Lines,

' Mr. Keimer,

I Have your Letter: The Account you give of your Hardſhips is indeed very moving; the Relief I have been able to give you, has been very ſmall; however I have repeated it by the ſame kind Meſſenger.

' Of all your Letter, nothing pleaſes me ſo much as to find you ' hint ſomething of your being touch'd with a Senſe of breaking in ' upon Principle and Conſcience; God grant the Motion may be ſincere. Afflictions do not riſe out of the Duſt: They ſeem to leave ' God himſelf no other room but that of Vengeance to deal with ' them, who are neither better'd by Mercies or Afflictions. The ' Time of Sorrow is a Time to reflect, and to look and ſee wherefore he that is righteous is contending with you. Only remember that he is not mocked. Nothing but a deep thorough unfeigned ſincere Humiliation is accepted by him. God reſtore you to ' your Health, Liberty and Proſperity; and laſt of all to his Bleſſing and Favour.

' Shall I recommend a ſincere Prayer put up to Heaven, tho' in ' Verſe, by one I knew under deep and dreadful Afflictions? I'll ' write you but a few of them;

' Lord, whatſoever Troubles wrack my Breaſt,
' Till Sin removes too, let me take no Reſt;
' How dark ſoe'er my Caſe, or ſharp my Pain,
' O let not Sorrows ceaſe, and Sin remain!
' For JESUS Sake, remove not my Diſtreſs
' Till thy Almighty Grace ſhall repoſſeſs
' The vacant Throne, from whence my Crimes depart,
' And makes a willing Captive of my Heart.

' Theſe are ſerious Lines, tho' Poetical. Its a Prayer, I doubt few ' can make: But the Moral is excellent; if Afflictions ceaſe, and

' Cauſe

'Cauſe of Afflictions remain, the Joy of your Deliverance will be 'ſhort.

'I have ſent you the printed Paper you wrote for.——— I 'ſhould be glad to render you any Service within my Power, having 'been always perhaps more than you imagin'd,

'Your ſincere Friend and Servant,

This Letter was very ſuitable to me; and it was my earneſt Cry to the all-powerful God to cleanſe me and quicken me by his moſt Holy Spirit: The more I cry'd to him, the more my Heart was enlarg'd and ſofien'd, and I found of a Truth he was a God nigh at Hand, ready to help thoſe that call upon him in a Time of Trouble; I found him a God hearing Prayer, and anſwering it, when we ask aright; I found his Word quick and powerful to my Soul, ſharp as a two edged Sword, dividing between the Joints and the Marrow; his Word was now as a Lamp unto my Feet, and as a Guide to my Steps. I now underſtood the Meaning of thoſe Words in holy Writ, *Be ye holy in all manner of Converſation*, and ſaw that Speech was a great Part of Converſation; I now did not dare to ſpeak as uſual, fearing to offend God; I ſaw the Emptineſs and Sinfulneſs of Worldly Cuſtoms in Apparel, Salutations, Eating and Drinking; and found in my Soul, a Willingneſs, wrought by the quickning Power of JESUS, to take up the Croſs and follow him, no more to graſp after the poor, empty Enjoyments of this World, which moulder and periſh in the uſing.

This was my Caſe; and as I waited upon the clear Manifeſtation of Chriſt in my own Heart, I came to ſee the Purity and Holineſs of ſome of thoſe Doctrines held forth and maintain'd by thoſe precious Servants of Chriſt, the true Quakers; I could diſcern how a Word in their Mouth, in the Power of the Living God, (tho it appear'd Fooliſhneſs and Nonſenſe to the Worldly Wiſe) was able to pull down the ſtrong Holds of Satan, when the florid Diſcourſes of thoſe who glory'd in their Productions of *Babel*, did only feed their blind Followers with the Wind and Chaff of human Doctrines. Thus by the Riches of the boundleſs Free Grace of God thro' Chriſt, was I call'd, when polluted and weltering in my Blood, to come to the Fountain of all Good, and waſh and be made clean: For which my Soul deſires to return Praiſes for ever and evermore.

It pleas'd the Wiſe Benefactor, that in ſome Weeks after this, News was brought to me that I was not to take my Trial at the Old Bailey, as did thoſe committed with me, who were convicted, Fin'd and Impriſon'd; and in a little while after I was fetch'd from the Gatehouſe, by a Warrant from the Lord *Townſhend*, and being carried to the Cockpit, gave Bond for my good Behaviour for a Year, and from thence was brought back to the Rules of the Fleet, without either paying Fees or 15 Weeks Chamber-rent which was due to Captain *Taylor* the Keeper of that Priſon, who generouſly truſted me almoſt all the while of my being there, he having receiv'd

so merly a Piece of Service from me when in my Prosperity, on which he then promis'd me, if ever I or any Friend of mine should want any Service that was in his Power, he would certainly perform it, and he was as good as his Word. And here I must take Notice of it as a great Mercy, for had I been lock'd down on the Common-Side, I had been much more miserable and distressed than I then was.

After I was deliver'd from the Gatehouse, and brought back to the Fleet, I was secret'y concern'd that I could not discharge the Prison-Fees and Chamber-Rent, when the Captain had so honourably trusted me, my Soul always abhorring to do a base or dishonourable Action which concern'd Mankind; however I wrote him a Letter, giving him Thanks for his great Civility, to me, and acquainting him, to the Effect following, as near as I can remember, *That my Misfortunes, &c. of Imprisonment for Debt were owing to the base Knavery of those with whom I had been concern'd, and not to any Injustice on my Part; that there was such Things as* Honour *and* Justice *in the World, tho' scarcely to be met with; that I was a Man that conscientiously had strict Regard thereto; and that as soon as ever I was able, I would certainly pay him to the utmost Farthing of what was his Just Due.* This Letter I sent in tender Concern, lest my being brought away from thence in such a Manner, should have brought a Reproach upon that Holy Profession I began to make, by him and others reflecting on me as the Contriver of my said Deliverance thence, in order to cheat him of his Just Dues as were by the Laws of the Land established. But to return,

The Night I return'd to the Fleet, my Wife took a Lodging for me at the Dwelling-House of *John Spicer*, Pewterer in *Fleet-lane*, where I continu'd several Weeks, but the Rent being too dear for me, my Circumstances being very low, I went to lodge at *Anthony Shelverton's* hard by, where I continu'd near a Year and half, and thence went to the Place I now dwell at. My Reader may know I am thus particular in my Relation, because *Some of the Prophets* are groping for Slander against me, in Order, like Toads to spit their Poyson at me, and as Agents of Hell, to do the Devil's Drudgery.

> Slander's *the Tool of Hell, the Devil's Arrow,*
> *That wounds the outward Skin, but not the Marrow;*
> Prophets' grope *for* It, *as Hogs do* FILTH *from* '-barrow.

My Enlargement thus far, now became the frequent Subject of Discourse among those People and their deluded Followers; and now fresh Batteries of Slander and Reproaches were flung at me; and my turning *Quaker*, as they said, was only a Piece of Roguery to cheat that People as I had done the *Prophets*. With this, and many such like Slanders, was I pester'd, and instead of receiving comfortable Condolance from my near Relatives when I saw them, I was generally accus'd (tho' falsely) with some Vileness.

These Proceedings of theirs were very cutting to my Soul; however I had a gracious God to go to, to him I would fly by earnest Prayer, and make my Supplication; to Him my Soul would cry with great

great Pour ngs forth of Tears, Lord, Thou that knoweſt the Secrets of all Hearts, Thou that ſeeſt the innermoſt Receſſes of my Soul, Thou knoweſt, O Lord, my Sincerity and earneſt Deſire to do Juſtice to all Mankind; If it be thy bleſſed Will, open a Way for my Deliverance that I may return the Full to thoſe to whom I have been an Inſtrument of Loſs unto; Thou knoweſt, O Omniſcient God, the Longings of my Soul to do Juſtice to all Mankind, and that I have not wilfully defrauded any one; If it be thy bleſſed Will, open a Way for me. —— But not my Will, but thine be done.

Thus has my Soul many and many a Time pour'd forth it ſelf in ſecret; and while my Enemies were abuſing, reproaching and vilifying me, I was wreſtling with my God on their Behalf.

After ſeriouſly waiting on the Manifeſtation of God's bleſſed Spirit in my own Heart, for ſome Months, I attempted to get Time from my Creditors, which was readily promis'd by the greateſt Part of 'em, I wrote ſeveral Letters to *John Potter* in a Spirit of Meekneſs, deſiring to ſee him, and in a friendly Manner to diſcourſe together touching the Matter in Diſpute between us, with ſeveral other Things to engage him to come to me, but all in vain. Indeed I did not complement him with flattering Titles as in Times paſt, for I did not dare ſo to do. After the firſt or ſecond Letter (as I take it) I ſent for *Thomas Dutton* another Prophet, a Man of great Humanity, and Sincerity, tho' deluded, who readily came, and I told him my ſincere and earneſt Deſire to ſerve him and the reſt of my Creditors; on which he promis'd me his Intereſt on my Behalf, at the ſame Time telling me, how far he had been my Friend, and how he had prevented me from being lock'd up a cloſe Priſoner, and after ſome other Friendly Diſcourſe we parted.

After this, I wrote to *John Potter* again as adviſ'd by *T. Dutton*, but to as little Purpoſe as the former, not having receiv'd the leaſt Anſwer to my humble Requirings. I deſir'd nothing from him, but only to entreat him (as he imagin'd himſelf an Ambaſſador Extraordinary from the great Jehovah, and I profeſs'd to be the Diſciple of the meek Jeſus,) that if we could not in Meekneſs decide the Controverſy between us, then to refer it to ſober, wiſe Men, finally to determine for us. I thought if he gave me Time with the reſt of my Creditors and I ſhould poſſibly get Money, it would be a great Injuſtice to my other Creditors to pay *John Potter* the Money I did not th[illegible]nk was his juſt Due, being credibly informed he demanded ſome [illegible]un-dreds of Pounds more than ever he diſburs'd, notwithſtand[illegible]ng his ſeizing all my Houſhold Goods, all my Printing Materials, [illegible]rendring the Debts ow'd to me diſputable, all to the real Value [illegible]s I am able to prove near Six Hundred Pounds; not that he made [illegible]above a Third Part of that Money for them, acting ſo wretched[illegible]barbarous and fooliſh [to call it by no worſe Name] as I can hi[illegible]wiſe make it appear, as was really unpreſidented.

When I could do nothing by writing, I er[illegible]gag'd a ſober young Man to go to him, one that was a Believer in [illegible]he Diſpenſation, a Man Reputation, and one that had been acq[illegible]inted with me from my Infancy;

Infancy; who brought me Word that he had been with *John Potter*, but could not perſwade him to come to me, my Friend adding, when I put the Queſtion cloſe to him, that *Potter* revil'd me, at the ſame Time, telling me he was ſorry to find him in ſuch a Temper. After this, I bought Day-Rules to have the Liberty in Term-time in Order to go to *John Potter* my ſelf, and about the Sixth Time of my going, I found him within. We had not been long together, tho' without the leaſt Provocation on my Side, but he fell a reviling me, uttering ſeveral Slanders his own Conſcience will bear Witneſs he did not KNOW to be True, and Which God and my Conſcience KNEW to be falſe. After my being treated with a great deal of Reproach, I calmly anſwer'd him, *John, thou may'ſt ſay lawfully I have been a Fool, but to ſay I have been a Knave, is a Falſity, and I defy thee to prove I am ſo.* I found him inexorable to my fair Requeſt of an Arbitration, whereupon I told him, as *he had taken my Cloak, he might e'en take my Coat alſo*; and aſk'd him, whether he would give me Time with the reſt of my Creditors, who after pauſing a while, told me he would, and after telling him I purpoſed to call again in a few Days, we parted.

About the Time *Thomas Dutton* had been with me, I had got a Friend to go to *Horton* my Adverſary, who being incens'd by my former affronting him, and more ſo, by the Lies he had heard by Means of my bitter Enemies ſome of the Prophets, and their Followers, was a long Time before he could be brought to any Terms, that I thought I could poſſibly perform. At laſt with uncommon Difficulty he conſented to give me my Liberty paying him down 50 s. and allowing him Two Shillings and Six-pence *per* Week till the Debt of 28 l. was paid; this I agreed to, ſuppoſing I might have ſo many Friends that would ſo far ſerve me with the Lent of 50 Shillings, but alas, I found my ſelf miſtaken, for having try'd all likely prudent and honeſt Ways to get ſo much Money, I was forc'd to give over all Hopes of ever coming out, not without the Fatiguing Mortification of hearing my Character abus'd, by my undeſigned Diſappointment.

After my Deliverance from the Gatehouſe, my Spiritual Exerciſes were very great, Satan being loth to part with me, us'd many Stratagems to entrap my Soul; ſometimes uſing one Snare, ſometimes laying another; ſometimes he would whiſper to me ſecretly, that my ſtrict Guard on my Thoughts, Words and Actions, was unneceſſary, ſometimes he would terrify me, with the Temptation, that if I was ſo ſcrupulouſly nice in refuſing Buſineſs for my Temporal Good, how could I ever pay my Debts, which I doubt not but that he knew I had an eager Deſire to do; at other Times he would ſooth me into a Belief that the *French* and *Engliſh* Prophets were ſent by God, inſtilling many Arguments that they were ſo, on which I was often puzzled and my Mind became darkned, ſometimes ſcarce knowing what to do, whether to go forward in my Spiritual Warfare, or whether to deſiſt; ſometimes the flattering Bleſſings would preſent to my View, and at other Times I was afraid of miſcarrying in my eternal Salvation. Theſe and many more internal Travails of Soul

I had, but I found upon fervent Application to the Fountain of Grace for Direction, Light and Strength, all Temptations would vaniſh, and for ſome Time ſeem to be no more.

Some Months after my being laſt with *Horton*, News was brought me he was dead, and I having gone a conſiderable Way in printing this Book, was really afraid to go on with it. Now the Grand Enemy of my Soul was more than ordinary buſy, and I was tempted with freſh Suggeſtions, *What if the Diſpenſation of the Prophets ſhould be of God? How dare I be Fighting againſt God?* Sometimes the Sentences of my Bleſſings, ſuch as, *Thou ſhalt be exerciſed, — I will appear for thee, — I will enlighten thy Soul, — I know thy Difficulties, and what thou laboureſt under: But fear thou not, I am on thy Side, I am all-ſufficient to diſperſe thy Enemies in one Moment*, &c. would livelily be preſented to my View, yea, even Texts of Scripture on their Behalf. On the other Hand, I had many ſubſtantial Evidences given me from Reaſon, Scripture, and Revelation, that it was all a damnable Deluſion. In this Diſtreſs of Mind I have cry'd to the Lord, and have waited for a Manifeſtation in deep Concern for many Hours together, and have had thereupon a clear and bright Diſcovery that the whole from the Beginning to the End, was only a Mixture of human Contrivance, join'd by Satan's transforming himſelf into an Angel of Light, to deceive Mankind.

Thus Chriſtian Reader have I been haraſs'd within, and with many Difficulties from without, which concerning the Wickedneſs of others towards me, I chuſe at preſent to draw a Veil over them, it being a very diſagreeable Work to me to rake in the Dunghil of other Peoples Vices, and ſhall very briefly in all Sincerity, and Truth, tell thee, what God, the mighty God, hath done for my Soul, thro' the Son of his Love, By the powerful Operation of his Spirit.

Firſt then, He has ſhewn me the Wonders of his Law: That this holy pure Law muſt be kept by me, and wrought in me, by the All-powerful JESUS, that his perfect Righteouſneſs wrought in me will alone ſtand me in any Stead before a tremendous God, in the Day of his fiery Wrath when Time ſhall be no more.

That I muſt be here perfectly cleans'd from all Sin both of Fleſh and Spirit, or elſe undone to all Eternity. *For no unclean Thing ſhall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.*

That inſtead of Gaping and Gazing for an Outward Kingdom, I muſt Know JESUS to be my Soul's King, reigning in me, and ſubduing in me all His Enemies, and bringing all my Affections, Will and Deſires into an entire Subjection to Him.

That in Order to have this great and mighty Work done in me, I muſt have a moſt ſtrict and cloſe Regard to his Light in my own Soul, which is nothing leſs than a Degree or Meaſure of the Eſſence of God, given to every Man to profit withal.

That this *Chriſt*, this *Son of God*, this *Light of the World*, this *Word of God* his Fulneſs, Strength, Power, Majeſty and Dominion, and does freely give to every individual Man and Woman born into the World a Meaſure of himſelf for their everlaſting Happineſs, if they will but be obe-

obedient to it, and give up their Wills to his Divine Will. Are they laden with divers vile Lusts, led captive in the Devil's Net committing Iniquity with Greediness, He has Strength to deliver them and set them free. He will wash them and cleanse them in the Laver of Regeneration, and will engraft them into Himself, and present them to his Father without Spot or Blemish, where they shall be inwrapt in the full Enjoyment of the most Infinite Happiness, if they will but be truly willing to enjoy it.

In Order to this blessed State, He has freely in the Riches of his Grace, seal'd a Pardon to my Soul for all my Sins past, and has begot a holy Fear in me of offending his Divine Majesty, join'd with a Sense of my own Unworthiness. He has enlighten'd my Soul to see the many Corruptions Thousands of religious Professors walk in. O that Dreadful Word, *Many shall strive, but few shall enter.*

As He hath given me from my Infancy, a hearty Desire to do Justice to all Mankind, so he hath shewn me, it is his Will, that I must deny my self the remaining Part of my Life, in a particular Manner, until I have made full Satisfaction to all those I have been an *Instrument of Loss unto.* Whether kept in Prison, or set free, it will be a Pleasure to me to work for my Creditors, not allowing my self those innocent Gratifications which others may lawfully take, earnestly begging of God, to bless my Endeavours.

Tho' my outward Affairs are very gloomy and dark, yet at Times I have full Faith God will bring me out of my Afflictions, (if I continue but faithful to him) tho' it is my Soul's Desire, to live in Ignominy, outward Want and Reproach the remaining Part of my Life, rather than come out of my Troubles, any more to commit Folly.

I allow my self in no Sin, either in Word or Deed, tho I have had several Slips since my first Conversion, which respecting me, only as between God and my Soul, I shall not here mention.

I am daily fighting with a cunning Devil who has many Sorts of Baits to deceive me. If he can't tempt me to commit Acts of Sin outwardly, he then tries to puff me up inwardly. I find Watchfulness, Prayer and Humility, soveraign Antidotes against Sin's Malignity.

I durst not gratify my self [even when I have had Money] in adorning my Body, but look upon my Clothes as a Flag to proclaim my Shame, nor do I esteem a Carkass that must be Wash'd Daily or Weekly, to keep it from stinking, which may in a few Hours, Days, Weeks, or Months be Food for the most contemptible Vermin.

I Wear my Beard as a Man, believing God ordain'd it to distinguish me and others as such, and tho' I am made a gazing Stock to the unthinking Part of Mankind, I can calmly bear their Insults; and tho' they accuse and despise me as mad, whimsical, and opinionative, I can with Pity behold them, as asham'd of What the Allwise God has gave 'em. Nor will I put on a Wig of Woman's Hair, believing I should, by so doing, act against Nature, and the God of Nature,

being

eing ſo far of that Poet's Mind, who upon the View of the abo-inable Effeminacy and Pride abounding in his Day, cries out,

A Buſhy Head, and Beardleſs Face,
O Monſtrous Sight! Nature's Diſgrace!
Lord! *Save thy People from this Race,*
Who ſhew their Sin with a bare Face.

nd tho' [as *David*,] I become the Song of the Drunkard, for my ius taking up the Croſs, I humbly hope I ſhall have holy Courage nd Boldneſs to deſpiſe the Shame, having an Eye to my great Ma-er who will help and ſupport all that put their Truſt in Him.

I own and eſteem the Truth as held forth and witneſs'd to by ma-y of the People called *Quakers*; tho' I wholly diſapprove of their *Affirmation*, and judge it to be a full and real Oath, and look upon he naming the Name of God, or calling him to witneſs to any luman worldly Affair, is really and ſubſtantially an Oath. I have o outward Communion with that People, nor know not whether ver I ſhall; tho' my Soul is knit in Love to the truly ſincere, humble owed down Souls among them, who are redeem'd from the Dark-eſs of this World, and dwell in the Light.

I find a ſecret Diſpoſition to forgive all that have bely'd, reproach'd r Wrong'd me in my good Name or otherwiſe, and do heartily de-ire Forgiveneſs from all whom I have any Ways offended.

I fear to make a Promiſe on worldly Accounts, tho' I have made everal ſince my Convincement, and have broke 'em, tho' very nwillingly, and with great Grief to my Mind.

I dare not thank any Man for a Favour receiv'd, for it is written, *All Thanks are due to God.*

I am ſtill a Priſoner, thro' the unjuſt Slanders againſt me, tho' I urpoſe to try once more to get my Liberty, which if not to be ob-ain'd, I hope quietly and reſignedly to wait God's Time, who beſt knows what is fit for me, and who will deliver me his own way and n his own Time.

If I am diſcharg'd hence, I ſhall devote my Worldly Labour to he Service of my Creditors in a Courſe of Self-Denial, and if in Pri-ſon ſhall do the ſame.

I believe it my Duty, not to wrap my Spiritual Talent in a Nap-kin, but freely to communicate, without Money or without Price, or ny Worldly View, (of what God has freely gave me) for his Glory, nd the Good of Souls. And tho' I expect all the Malice as Hell an forge againſt me, in the Strength of Chriſt, I'll do my Duty.

I could enlarge to a great Length, but ſhall here conclude his Subject, in deep Humility, and a Senſe of God's holy Power.

I have been a great Sinner, a vile Sinner, yea one of the chiefeſt of Sinners. By Grace, I am not ſuch a one now. And he that has not been a Sinner, *Let him caſt the firſt Stone,*

From my Lodging at R. Tooke's *in* Black and White-Court *in the* Old Bailey, *the* 6th *Day of the* 6*th Month.* 1718.

n Epiſtle from the Publiſher to Thomas Dutton, *one of thoſe called* French *Prophets, for him and the other ſincere Perſons to come out of that Net of* Satan; *with ſome further Account of that accurſed* Deluſion, *&c.*

Thomas Dutton,

I Think it a Duty incumbent on me, to Epiſtolize after this man-Manner. The Glory of God, the Good of Souls, and the clear-g my own Reputation from a Load of Slander, are the cheif ſtives of my thus addreſſing thee.

I want not to borrow Money of thee, or thy People to bring me t of my Impriſonment, or to gratify my Ambition, as in Days paſt, hen I was flatter'd and lull'd in my Sins, by that Spirit, thou and y Brethren are led by: No, but in tender Love and Pity to our Souls, I am concern'd to acquaint you, that ye are all to a an and Woman, ſo far as ye believe in, and are led by that pirit operating upon the Bodies of Men, Women and Children, in Deluſion that muſt certainly bring upon each one of you eternal Damnation.

And becauſe my bare telling thee ſo, is not ſufficient, I ſhall (I think) undeniably prove the Veracity of the next preceding oſition.

In Order to which, I ſhall firſt ſhew that the Spirit opera-ing on the three *French Prophets* whoſe Names were *Elias Marion*, *Du-and Fage*, and *John Cavalier*, and the reſt of the *French* and *Engliſh* who receiv'd it by the Laying on of their Hands, was and is no other than an Infernal Spirit transforming it ſelf into an Angel of Light, to deceive, if poſſible, the very Elect.

I ſhall ſhew thee, that That whole Affair from the Beginning to the End, can be nothing more than a moſt horrid Deluſion.

And

And then deſcribe the Difference betwixt the Spirit of Chriſt op rating in the Hearts of Men, and the deceitful Deluſions of th Grand Enemy of our Souls. And laſtly, ſhew how ſo many ſincer People became thus deluded, making a proper Uſe of the whole.

Firſt then, The very Light of Reaſon proves the *French* an *Engliſh* Prophets and their Followers to be under a very grea Deluſion. And tho' we cannot judge rightly of the deep Things o God by our Reaſon, yet we may and ought to judge of thoſe Thing that are the proper Objects of our Reaſon, *By* our Reaſon: and ma be aſſured that what is contrary to our Reaſon, can never be prov right by Revelation. God who is the Author and Giver of ever Good Gift has given to Mankind that excellent Qualification, Reaſon to diſtinguiſh him from the Brute Beaſts that periſh. If we lay aſid our Reaſon, we affront our Maker, by making uſeleſs ſo valuabl a Gift. What an Affront would it be to *GEORGE* the King, upo the Throne, ſurrounded with all his Nobles, if he ſhould make vaſt rich Preſent to one of his Subjects, without any previous Me rit for ſo doing, and the Subject ſhould immediately trample on th ſame, or fling it away, as a Thing of no value? I ſay, what an au dacious Affront would this be to benign Royalty, to be thus treat ed? How much more affronting muſt it be to the Majeſty of Hea ven, the Great KING, to be thus treated? And What is it leſs tha thus affronting Him, by flinging away our Reaſon when we are t judge of rational Things?

How do we Pity the poor blind beſotted *Papiſts* who vainly ima gine the Wafer when conſecrated, to be the real, ſubſtantial, an material Fleſh of Chriſt, the ſame that was born of the Body of th Virgin *Mary*, above 1700 Years ago? And tho' they ſee it, feel it taſt it, ſmell it as ſuch, having the utmoſt Evidence the Thing can al low of, that it is no more than a bare Wafer, yet how do they fool iſhly and wilfully cheat themſelves in that Affair?

Thus, the Prophets, and their Followers are deluded and cheated For tho' the Spirit preſiding in and over them, has deceiv'd 'em Time after Time, with abundance of notorious Lies, yet they are ſo bewitched, as impiouſly to fix the Falſhoods of Satan, upon the true God. Ask them whether God can lie; They'll anſwer No Then what can be the Meaning of the Predictions relating to Dr *Emes?* How many notorious Lies were we told by the Spirit in *John Potter* and the reſt of the inſpir'd, relating to that Affair? What could be more plain than that poſitive Prediction by *John Potter* *The 25th of* May *next?* Will the Words admit of a double Conſtructi on? They cannot. Was the City of *London* burn'd with Fire and Brimſtone the 25th of *March*, as predicted? Or was Queen *Anne* Propheteſs, to go to *Barbican*, as predicted? Had we a Famine tho' the Believers were commanded Year after Year to lay in Store of Victuals againſt one? Did the Devil fetch the *French* Parſon out of the Pulpit when Preaching, and carry him away, as a Crow car ries a Bit of Fleſh in its Mouth, before the whole Congregation, a prophecy'd by *Cavalier?* Was Sir *Richard Bulkley* made ſtrait? Or

were

were any of the Mob ſtruck dead, as prophesy'd, and certain Times prefix'd for doing theſe and many more ſuch mighty Things? Surely No.—— Was it not prophesy'd that *Marion* ſhould never did but be changed? The quite contrary of which is prov'd true, and he is dead. How miſerably often we have been deceiv'd in this manner, is too notorious to be deny'd, one of the moſt eminent Prophets having reckon'd up full Threeſcore poſitive Predictions, that came out of his own Mouth, every one of which prov'd falſe.

How notorious is it, that we have been thus deceiv'd ſome hundred Times by the Spirit operating on the Inſpir'd? And tho' we have had the utmoſt Evidence poſſible, by our Reaſon, that That whole Affair was nothing more than a Deluſion, yet ſo infatuated were we, that we ſtill vainly imagin'd it muſt be of God.

Secondly, If Reaſon proves the *French* and *Engliſh* Prophets under a violent Deluſion, Scripture does much more ſo. And here I ſhall begin with that clear and poſitive Direction given by God himſelf to his People for their knowing a true or falſe Prophet, *When a Prophet ſpeaketh in the name of the LORD, if the Thing follow not, nor come to paſs, that is the Thing which the Lord hath not ſpoken; but the Prophet hath ſpoken it preſumptuouſly: Thou ſhalt not be afraid of him.* In this Text we have an infallible Rule given us by the God of Truth, how to know a true or a falſe Prophet. And he that denies or oppugns the Veracity of this Rule is afterwards declared accurſed by the ſame God of Truth. Now what a miſerable Condition are thoſe in, who by denying the Veracity and Infallibility of this Rule, even tell God, to his Face, that he lies? Will not God avenge himſelf, in flaming Wrath? Yes certainly He will. *Let God be true, and every Man a Liar.* How notorious is it that the Prophets and their Followers do charge the Holy God as the Author of their Falſhoods? O dreadful! O horrible! Its what ſure will make every Chriſtian to tremble, but to reflect on it.

God is a God of Order, and not of Confuſion. Now, what a confuſed Piece of Work has the Spirit preſiding over the Prophets made among 'em. What Tumblings, and Toſſings, Fightings, Burnings, Roarings, and Yellings have been frequently practis'd at their Aſſemblies? What Kiſſings, Laughings, Chuckings, Huggings, Dancings, Ticklings, Stampings, have likewiſe been practis'd by them, under the Operation of their Spirit? How has *Rebecca Cuff* gone round the Room kiſſing all the Men therein, under Agitation? How have the Believers been pull'd and hall'd down, Men and Women together, one on Top of t'other, and the Candles all blown out under Operation? What a confuſed, as well as ridiculous Sight was it to ſee *Jony Nutt* in a *Quaker*'s Habit, dancing a Jig with *Anne Topham* in her Smock Sleeves, without a Gown on, and with a Mop or Broom-ſtick in her Hand, and he to kiſs her, both being under Agitations? What could be the Meaning of *John Cavalier*'s commanding *Francis Hallt* to give him a fine Handkerchief, and then to put it in his own Pocket, and burn his own naſty one? Or what was the Mean-

ing of *E. Gray*'s burning *John Glover*'s Face, as he lay flat upon his Back on the Floor, with a Handkerchief all on Fire, both being under Agitations? Or what was the meaning of her taking a Wig off a Prophet's Head and putting it upon her own Head, under Agitations? What influence'd one of the moſt eminent Propheteſſes to ſnatch my Hat, from me. and fling it upon the Ground, in the middle of the Room, and then ſit down upon it; and afterwards fight another Propheteſs, beating her in a lamentable Manner? I ſay, what can all theſe Things mean, with abundance more ſuch like? Surely they can be, nothing leſs than Hell broke looſe, and the Infernal Agency of a Band of Devils, uſing their utmoſt Power to bring all true Religion into Contempt and Scorn.

Again *Thomas*, We are told in Sacred Writ, in Order to know the Spirit of God, that *its Fruit is in all Goodneſs, Righteouſneſs and in Truth.* Now the quite contrary Fruits have been produc'd, inculcated and commanded, by this *Spirit of French Prophecy*, with great Threats upon the Diſobedient, thro' the Prophets own Mouths; as if the Devil could not be content to damn Mankind the ordinary Way, but muſt perſonate God himſelf to tyrannize over the Souls and Bodies of thoſe he has got captive. Let us take a View of the whole; go we among the *French*, what filthy tickling laſcivious Practices have ſprung thence? What monſtrous Productions has the Spirit among the *Engliſh* produc'd? *John Lacy* is commanded to leave his Lawful Wife, for no manner of Cauſe, as ever I heard of, but by the Command of the Spirit, and take a Propheteſs to his Bed? And pray what's the Conſequence? Why, theſe two live together fulfilling the Deſires of the Fleſh, and living in the Pollutions of the World, vainly imagining they are obeying the Voice of God, while Satan is triumphing in his Spoil. Can Chriſt be divided againſt himſelf? or has He come to fulfil the Law, that we in him, might perfect the ſame, commanding ſuch and ſuch particular Rules, as unalterable, for our ſtrict Obedience, and then to diſannul thoſe very ſame Laws? Surely No. And let who will preach any other Goſpel, *let him be accurſed.*

Again, what diſmal Fruits has this Spirit produc'd among *Mary Salter* and his Followers. Theſe were moſt, if not all, bleſs'd, ſooth'd and flatter'd in their Sins by moſt, if not all the Prophets. How extravagantly voluptuous have they been by Command of the Spirit, having [as I have been credibly told] full 30 Diſhes of various ſorts at Table, *Mark* eating monſtrouſly, and crying out in Extacy, *Now am I feeding my Lord Jeſus Chriſt*; at other Times lying with one another, and travelling up and down the Countries, ſetting up King Jeſus's Standard, as they call'd it, which was a long Pole, at the End of which were faſten'd Ribbons of various Colours? How have they been commanded into the Fields, to ſee Prodigies in the Skies, and then each of them commanded by the Spirit to ſign an Account thereof in Writing with their Blood. O horrible! O fearful!

How

How miserably has poor *James Cuninghame*, that very eminent Prophet, been deluded to break the Commands of Christ, in resisting the Powers in Being, when we are told as plain as possible, *they that resist, shall receive to themselves Damnation.* Christ Jesus says *Whence comes Wars, but from your Lusts*, thereby clearly demonstrating, all warring and fighting with carnal weapons to be utterly unlawful for Christians; how much more sinful must it be then to resist the Powers ordain'd by God? Christians are no longer such, than they exactly walk in the Footsteps of their Great Master. He was so far from resisting, who could have struck dead all his Opposers with a Word of his mouth, that we find, tho' most unjustly, cruelly barbarously and ungratefuly used, *He was brought as a Lamb to the Slaughter, and as a Sheep before her Shearers is dumb, so he opened not his Mouth.* If therefore, they that resist, receive Damnation, according to the Gospel of Christ, then certainly that Spirit that commands Resistance, in direct Opposition to Christ, must be no other than a Diabolical one. The Case is plain, Christ Laws are unchangeable; He cannot be divided against Himself; nor did He ever give a Dispensation to any of his Followers to break the Laws of his Kingdom, nor never will.

Furthermore, Consider the abominable and accursed Effects of this Spirit in the Discipline (as it was call'd) of *Dorothy Harling*. How did she play her Pranks with Numbers of the Believers, lifting up her Coats, exposing her Nakedness, crying out, *Come in Christ, come in; Come in Christ, come in.* This Woman *John Potter* was with, as he told me, and beheld some of her horrid unheard of Practices; and tho' he did not submit to her Chastisement, the poor Widow *Terril*, who had the Agitations, did; and was so unmercifully whipp'd, that she could not sit for a long Time after, with several others I could name. The Practices of this *Harling*, tho' not allow'd by the Generality of the Prophets, yet may justly be accounted some of the corrupt Streams flowing from that impure Fountain of *French Prophecy.*

If we are to know Prophets by their Fruits, then a decisive Stroke is given against the *French* and *English Prophets.* Now, by *Fruits*, are either meant the Doctrines held forth by any Prophet, or it must respect the Purity and Holiness of Life conspicuous in the Followers of the said Doctrines. If we enquire into the Doctrines deliver'd by thy People we shall find many damnable Heresies, and Inlets thereto. For Instance, tho Spirit thro' *John Potter* has declar'd * *there is no Perfection in any Service.* Here *John Potter* with his Spirit, stands accursed, by good old *Paul* for preaching a contrary Gospel to what the Lord Jesus instituted. Christ Jesus bids his Disciples be *perfect, even as their Heavenly Father is perfect*; but *John Potter's* Spirit denies they can be so, thereby lulling them to Hell loaded with their Sins. Thou may'st read in the Levitical Law, that what was offer'd to God, whether for a Sin Offering, or

* *See* Warnings in and about *London*, p. 5.

a Peace Offering, was to be without Spot or Blemish? Now can any Thing less perfect be accepted by Him who cannot behold Iniquity, with the least Approbation. If no unclean Thing can enter the Kingdom of Heaven, then we must be perfectly cleans'd before we enter there. And if we are not made perfect here, then we must of Consequence allow of a Purgatory hereafter, and so give up the Cause of Truth to its grand Enemies, the *Papists*.

Again, the Spirit thro' *John Potter* has asserted, that *The Devil is God's Covenant Servant*; than which nothing can be more false. A Covenant, we all know is a mutual Agreement betwixt two or more Persons, for the Performance of previous Preliminaries. Now to say God and the Devil are agreed each on their Part to perform a Covenant betwixt 'em, is no less than most damnable Blasphemy against the Holy God, and the Highest Treason against his Divine Majesty. We are told in sacred Writ, that God was manifest in the Flesh, that He might destroy the Works of the Devil. How contrary is this Doctrine to the Doctrine promulg'd by the Spirit in *John Potter* may clearly be seen by all who will not wilfully shut their Eyes.

I could here enlarge on many Errors, False Doctrines, and damnable Heresies deliver'd by the Spirit presiding over the Prophets, but at present shall wave it, but go on to shew some other sort of Fruits the Spirit of the Prophets has produc'd.

If we are to know Spirits by their Fruits, then the Prophets are not influenc'd by a good Spirit, but a Diabolical one. The Truth of this is evident by the Lives and Conversations of the Followers of that Spirit. Here I could lay open a black Scene respecting particular Persons who were caress'd and flatter'd by the Spirit as great Saints, when they dwelt in the fulfilling of Wickedness with Delight and Greediness. I am very loth to expose the Personal Sins of the Inspir'd and their Followers, to the publick View and Reproach of the World. But this I am bold to say, and will make it appear, by substantial Evidence, if desir'd, that the Prophets and Propheteſſes, and Missionaries, here in *London*, (whatever they were before they became Believers and Followers) liv'd in those Vanities, and Sins, which could not possibly be acted by Christians, all the while fancying they were led and directed by the Spirit of God. For Instance, what a filthy obscene Journal or Diary, did one of the most eminent of the Missionaries who had many Blessings, and was sent into many Parts of *England* and *Wales*, by Command of the Spirit, make upon his Brother Missionary G—r, which was handed up and down amongst the Inspir'd and Believers, which as it may shew thee, and others, how the Spirit of the Prophets, lull'd its Disciples in their Sins, even when in their Missions, to make Proselytes, I shall here insert some few Passages of the said Journal, as it comes fresh to my Mind, *viz.*

'Went to St. *Andrews Holbourn*; us'd a Book of Warnings instead of a Common-Prayer-Book; observ'd a Lady in next Pew, with charming black Eyes; dogg'd her to her Lodgings. Dwels in *Bartlets-Buildings*. *Memorandum*, To Enquire whether the Lady be married. Call'd

'Call'd at Friend *Bagnal*'s, to enquire News about the Diſpenſation; ſtaid two Minutes. Went into *Little Britain*, met a raw Country Friend, over-reach'd him in a certain Commodity; Part of the Profit, to carry on the Diſpenſation, and Part reſerv'd for Gallanting Expences.

'Went to *Grays-Inn-Walks*, met with two Ladies; Talk'd with 'em about the Diſpenſation. *Memorandum*, One of the Ladies ſaid I talk'd admirably fine.

'Went home, and was in waiting to know whether I might drink a Dram of my Cordial Water. Had Freedom. Drank abundantly. Had 3 Groans in Spirit. went to Bed. Had placid Dreams. Wak'd about 2, found my Feet out of Bed. Sheets polluted.

In another Part of this pretended Journal or Diary, which was contain'd in a Book of many Pages, were the following Lines,

——— *True* FRENCH
'*Will make the brighteſt Saint, and brighteſt Wench*,

And in another Place,

'*There is no Bleſſing*
'*Like to* Prophetick Kiſſing.

Cum multis aliis, &c.

The Author of this Diary was in high Eſteem among ye till the Day of his Death, had the Agitations, and was promis'd many flattering Things of doing many Wonders, by moſt, if not all the Inſpir'd, was the ſame that journey'd with *Francis Moult* and *Mary Kemer* to *Briſtol*, *Wales*, &c. to propagate that Spirit.

Again, what Love-Intrigues were carry'd on by a young celebrated Propheteſs (who mimicks the *Quaker*,) when going her Miſſions? How did ſhe captivate by her Allurements, poor *Wig*——, *O*=, and *J. C*==, the laſt of which tho' a great Prophet, would uſe and practiſe many unhandſom, unſeemly and indecent Poſtures and Practices when on a Miſſion, as related by another very eminent Sifter Propheteſs who was her Companion.

How unlike the Meſſenger of God was that Beau-Miſſionary who was commanded to *Holland*, (who might well often cry out, *Eh, my poor Soul*,) when he offer'd Filthineſs to a Propheteſs, when on their Miſſions, as ſhe told me.

How unlike an Ambaſſador of God, was that moſt eminent Miſſionary, cheated by the Spirit with the deceitful Title of *Ruler in Iſrael*, when he built him a coſtly magnificent Houſe and adorn'd it and his Garden with Images, ſome of which were repreſented Naked? And how unlike was he and others to the meek Ambaſſadors of Jeſus when they went proſelyting up and down the Countries with their Swords dangling? Did it not rather ſeem as if they intended to bring in King JESUS, by Dint of Sword, eſpecially if we

consider how they fought, [with drawn Swords,] with the Mob who moleſted them at *Hackney-marſh*, and *Barbican*, when a great Company of Believers, and Inſpir'd, went there, as by Command of the Spirit?

How unlike a Chriſtian did that eminent Prophet act towards his honeſt, tho' deluded Brother, when he ſtript him of all his Goods, and even his Cloaths, except thoſe on his Back, and would have cloſely impriſon'd him, had not a Prophet of more Humanity and Pity, by many Arguments, perſwaded him to deſiſt from ſo barbarous and unjuſt Procedure? How unlike was that Prophet to Chriſt, Jeſus, who ſays in Holy Writ, *Avenge not thy ſelf of thine Adverſary*, and *If thine Enemy hunger, give him meat, if he thirſt give him drink*, when inſtead of ſo doing to his Enemy, he oppreſs'd his honeſt hearted tho' bewitch'd Friend, whom the Spirit thro' his own Mouth had before highly prais'd and commended?

Conſider *Thomas*, how that eminent Prophet, tho' appointed the Mouth to the *Ruler in Iſrael*, ſo called, I ſay, conſider how this great Prophet is degenerated ſince poſſeſs'd by that Spirit; how from an honeſt plain *Baptiſt* he is become a Lordlike lofty covetous Prophet, wallowing in the midſt of Worldly Grandeur, Pomps ſinful Cuſtoms and Delights, being more like a Courtier, than an humble Meſſenger of the Lord Jeſus.

I could enlarge greatly on the Lives and ſinful Practices of all the Inſpir'd and Believers I ever was acquainted with, but ſhall bear Teſtimony againſt them in another Manner, when God ſees fit. I ſhall now proceed to ſhew thee ſome other Fruits of that Spirit as they occur to my Mind.

John Harling, who receiv'd many Bleſſings, and had the Agitations, cut his Throat.

Spragg's Lad, about 15 Years of Age, receiv'd many Bleſſings, had the Agitations, ran mad with 'em, barking like a Dog, and was put into *Bedlam*, or ſome other Madhouſe.

Gardiner receiv'd Bleſſings, had the Agitations, and ran raving mad.

Johnſon receiv'd Bleſſings, had the Agitations, ſpoke as a Prophet, went and took up Peoples Goods, forthwith ſold em, and gave away the Money to Priſoners, ſaying *He had fed the Hungry with good Things, but the rich he had ſent empty away.* Tho' if he had been led by the Spirit of Truth, he muſt have known that *God abhorreth Robbery for Burnt-Offerings.* This poor Man had a Revelation as he ſaid, to go to the late Queen *Anne*, to marry her, for that Prince *George*'s Spirit had come upon him, accordingly he went to Court, as I was inform'd, to accompliſh his fooliſh and mad Prediction.

Guy Nut, a conceited whimſical Man, tho' an eminent Prophet, had a Whimſie he ſhould go to Queen *Anne*, but never went. This Man ſate to have his Picture drawn as did moſt, if not all the Inſpir'd, at the Requeſt of *Francis Moult*, tho' he would ſeem to be a *Quaker*, tho' ſuch a one as thoſe, who far from being ſo, only bring a Reproach

proach upon the Ways of God, and cauſe his holy Name to be blaſphem'd, by the wicked and prophane.

Dr. *Craven*'s Widow receives Bleſſings, and attempts to Faſt Forty Days and Forty Nights, but in the Attempt ſtunk ſo, that ſhe gave great Annoyance to thoſe who went to viſit her.

Mary Keimer a Propheteſs, has been ſo haraſs'd by this Spirit, that nothing of Food would remain with her for a long Time; at other Times ſhe would be enclin'd to deſtroy her ſelf, and the Spirit would violently force her to the Fire, as if to burn her.

John Lacy leaves the Wife of his Youth, by Command of the Spirit, lives in Adultery with *E. Gray* a Propheteſs, on whom, I am told, he has ſettled an Eſtate.

C. P. receives great Bleſſings, and the Agitations, talks bawdy under Agitations, and afterwards denies her Husband the Conjugal Uſe of her Body. Her Husband receives Bleſſings, and the Agitations, and was toſs'd and tumbled on the Ground in a very frightful Manner.

John Glover an eminent Prophet acts the Devil under Agitations, five People ſtanding upon him, as commanded by the Spirit, he all the while making Grimaces, mixt with a ſtrange mocking Yanging Noiſe, to the Affrightment of the Believers.

John Cavalier under Agitations, has been flung over Stools, and Chairs, in as different Poſtures as the Tumblers or Rope-Dancers at a Fair, backwards and forwards, ſometimes on one Hand and one Leg, ſometimes on both Hands. This Man, tho' one of the Three that brought this ſtrange Religion from *France*, has ſince diſown'd it all as a Cheat and Deluſion.

Another who had great Bleſſings, and pretended her ſelf to be the Woman mention'd in the Book of *John*'s *Revelations*, pretended to Viſions, and directed ſome People to go to an Angel within View, but inſtead of an Angel, it prov'd a Cabbage-Leaf.

Another Time I meeting her on *Ludgate-Hill*, on the Day call'd Lord-Mayors-Day, juſt as the Shew was coming by, after having ſaluted me, ſpread her Hands and lifting up her Voice, cry'd out, *Ah, here's the Type of the Kingdom! here's the Repreſentation of the Kingdom State*, or Words to that Effect.

Not to mention any more, *Thomas*, I ſhall conclude with that dreadful Inſtance of thy poor dear Brother. Reflect back on it, *Thomas*, and weigh how he came by his deplorable End. How has mine Heart mourned for him, as *David* for his Beloved *Jonathan*! and how have Tears trickled down my Cheeks, when reflecting on the miſerable End of that poor Youth whom my Soul dearly loved! Thou knoweſt what Promiſes were made to him, by that flattering lying Spirit, thro' the Mouths of the Inſpir'd, and how elevated he was ſometimes, and caſt down at other Times, by that Spirit, till at laſt Satan ſo far prevail'd, as to make him drown himſelf. I have often thought God has been very gracious to thee, deſigning to bring thee out of that Snare, into a true Knowledge of Himſelf and his Holy Ways, eſpecially when I look back on the ſeveral particular Demonſtrations He has given thee, that That Diſpenſation was not

his Work. No ſooner had the Spirit of Satan thro *John Lacy* flatter'd thee, that thy Child ſhould be a great Inſtrument, *&c.* but God, to convince thee, no doubt, took the Babe to himſelf, and plainly ſhew'd thee, He was not the Author of thoſe Promiſes made to it. Afterwards he ſuffer'd a more ſevere Evidence to affect thee, *viz.* the Death of thy Brother; as if he had condeſcended to ſpeak in the following Manner to thee, *See how thou art deceiv'd, every Way; behold the Effects of that Spirit thou falſely imagin'ſt to be mine; I am true, I cannot deceive. I have given thee Demonſtration thou art deceiv'd. Let not thy own eternal Ruin be the deciſive Evidence of thy fatal Miſtake.* This, methinks, is the Voice of a pitiful God to thee, to bring thee out of that Deluſion; the Lord grant thou may'ſt not find, when too late, the direful Effects of thy being deceiv'd.

I could here bring abundant more Arguments from Reaſon and Scripture, that that Affair is no other than a damnable Deluſion; but ſhall at preſent, wave inſiſting on thoſe Heads, and proceed to ſhew it a Deluſion, by Revelation.

The Secrets of the Lord are with thoſe that fear him. Thoſe who are led by the Spirit of Chriſt know it to be a falſe Spirit, preaching the Deceivableneſs of Unrighteouſneſs, and while ye are taught to gaze for and expect a Nullity, the Followers of Chriſt feel and know his Kingdom in Reality. They are obedient to all his Laws, and while ſo, can diſcern the moſt ſubtle Attempts of Satan; all his Nets to them are no more than Cobwebs; and tho' others may ſtand gazing for an outward Kingdom, till their Eyes drop out, *they* KNOW the Kingdom of Chriſt to be *Within them.* There the *Will of God is done on Earth as it is in Heaven*; there *the Lion-like Nature lies down with the Lamb, and his Kingdom becomes an everlaſting Kingdom, and the Lord alone is exalted in that Day.* No Need of Prophets (who want to be taught themſelves) to come and teach them. No. They are inſtructed by their Great King, whoſe Voice they well know, and *the Voice of a Stranger will they not follow.* They are thoſe ſpiritual ones that *judge all Things, and themſelves are judged of no Man:* They are truly aware of the ſubtle Devices of the grand Enemy, and are not drawn away after the *Lo here's* and *Lo there's*, but ſtand immoveable, well knowing the Words of their Maſter are *Yea* and *Amen*, and that He is the Faithful and True, that will not, nor cannot deceive them.

God has not left himſelf without a Witneſs in all Ages, ſince the Beginning of the Grand Apoſtacy, and has at Times manifeſted ſome Rays of his glorious Truth, by revealing Himſelf in the Hearts of the Faithful. Theſe bore a loud Teſtimony for his Name, according to the Meaſure receiv'd. And as the Light and Truth broke forth, the ſeveral Diſpenſations of God, tho' vaſtly different in Degrees yet had each the ſame Tendency, *viz.* to bring Mankind out of the Pollutions of this World, to worſhip and ſerve the true God in Spirit and in Truth: But thy Diſpenſation, as it is call'd, not only makes void the Commands of Chriſt, but cheats its Followers with blind, falſe and lying Worſhip. Witneſs the Spirit's allowing *B. Steel's* Child to be Chriſten'd (as it is falſely call'd) by a Black-

Black Gown Prieſt, for Money; a Piece of Pageantry, the Holy Scriptures make not the leaſt Mention of, and has no better Foundation than in the Brains of thoſe who make Religion a Trade, and ſo buy and ſell the Souls of their captivated Proſelytes.

Again, how has thy Spirit bore Teſtimony for the Abominations of that Harlot who has made the Nations drunk with her Cup, in the Caſe of that poor deluded Man, Prebendary *Foſter*, who was directed by the Spirit in *John Potter* to continue in the Practice of his falſe Worſhip; a Worſhip as odious to the true God, in a Day of Goſpel-Light, as offering the Sacrifice of a Dog's Neck or Swine's Blood, would have been under the Law. Beſides theſe and others, how has the Spirit preſiding careſs'd and flatter'd us in our ſinful Ways and Cuſtoms, Trades and Practices? What Promiſes have been made to us all, even to a Man? The Devil knows well how to allure and deceive. He's well aware how Mankind love to be flatter'd. Thus I that was ambitious, was told that I ſhould be *a Miniſter extraordinary, ſhould do miracles*, &c.

Furthermore, the true Followers of Chriſt know that Spirit thou and thy Friends are led by is not the Spirit of Chriſt. For as they are able by Revelation immediate from God, to diſcern the moſt plauſible Temptations of the Devil, ſo they have a moſt certain, infallible Guide, that being led by, it, they cannot err. They know the Spirit of Chriſt to enlighten the Soul, ſhewing it what is Sin; they find the Spirit of Chriſt to be a Reprover and Condemner of all Sin, even in its moſt refin'd Appearances, and know his Spirit to quicken and enable them to overcome all Evil, both of Fleſh and Spirit. The contrary is true of thy Spirit. Here's one an adopted *Child* of thy God, tho' ſelling the Devil's Merchandiſe, thereby to make Proſelytes to Hell, I mean ſelling of Play-books, Romances, and bawdy Books; a ſecond continues in the ſinful Practice of the Law, and attends commonly once a Week to be inſtructed by ignorant Hirelings who would ſuffer the Souls of their Flock to be eternally Damn'd were it not for the Mammon; a Third, as if aſham'd of the Adorning of God and Nature, diſguiſes his Head at the Expence of what would maintain 100 poor Families a Week; a Fourth has a Licenſe from the Spirit to ſell Common-Prayer, bow at the pronouncing five Letters of the Alphabet, which a Dog may be taught to do, and ſometimes to feed his Devotees with thoſe beggerly Elements which turn to Filthineſs in the moſt ſolemn uſing; a Fifth, inſtead of communicating of his Subſtance to the Relief of his neceſſitous Sifter, who before maintain'd him, puts forth his Money to Uſury, yea accurſed Extortion; a Sixth ſlanders, belies and murders the Reputation of his innocent Brother, and ſo on; and yet each of theſe and many others, have been bleſs'd and approv'd on, by the Spirit preſiding over, teaching and leading thee, and thy People.

And here I can't but think it proper to enumerate ſome Paſſages relating to my ſelf, which I'll leave to thee and thy Friends Conſideration, deſiring for their own Sakes, they would no longer continue to abuſe and ſlander me, as I am inform'd they often have, and ſtill continue to do.

When

When I firſt embrac'd and cloſ'd in with that Diſpenſation [as it is call'd] I had no other View than the Happineſs of my Soul, the Spirit thro' your Mouths bore Teſtimony, approving of me, promiſing me many glorious Things as I have before ſhewn; by that Spirit I was lull'd on, Time after Time, firmly expecting the great Revolutions predicted; thinking my ſelf a great Favourite of Heaven, and being naturally of an aſpiring Nature, the Bleſſings, or rather Baits took faſt Hold on me, and like Sparks upon well made Tinder were the Beginning of that Blaze of Diſtraction, Confuſion and Imaginations, which has produc'd to my ſelf many direful Effects, and to ſeveral others, [with great Grief to my Mind,] has been a Means of much Loſs. Was I to ſay, that I ever willingly wrong'd any one in my Dealings but what I have herein before mention'd, I ſhould not only Lie to my own Conſcience, but to the Holy Ghoſt, which bears Teſtimony to my own Conſcience that I never did ſo. Thou knoweſt *Thomas*, after thy poor Brother's Death, I brought thee a ſmall Matter of Money, due to him, which thou kneweſt nothing of, [that poor unhappy Youth acting in his worldly Dealings in many Things juſt like me.] Again, thou ſaweſt how readily I drew Notes for thy Service, upon thoſe that ow'd me Money, the very Day my Effects were ſeiz'd, when thou receiveſt Three Guineas, and I had not Ten Shillings, if ſo much would have paid all my Debts.

Thou may'ſt be inform'd of *Robert Cleaſter*, now dwelling at the Corner of *Black and White-Court*, that when I was afterwards in the Mint, I drew a Note, for Fifty Shillings on *W. Taylor* an eminent Bookſeller in *Pater-noſter-row*, above Forty Shillings of which he receiv'd at the ſame Time I had not a Shilling at Command.

In *Ludgate* I paid Thirty Shillings to a poor Servant, tho' I greatly wanted it my ſelf. This Fellow I afterwards found had robb'd and cheated me of Books and Money, to a conſiderable Value, and I had ſeveral Hundreds of Books brought to me by an honeſt Bookſeller, ſome Months after, who to his own Loſs conſcienciouſly reſtor'd me the ſtollen Goods.

If thou enquireſt of the Widow *Vazey*, Bookbinder near the *Old-Change*, ſhe will inform thee, I have paid her ſeveral ſmall Sums, at different Times, ſince a Priſoner in the Fleet, at which Times I have not left my ſelf enough to buy a Dinner, at other Times [ſo great a Deſire had I to do Juſtice] that I have often taken Garments off my Back to Pledge 'em for the Service only of the meaner ſort of my Creditors, and have at at this very Juncture ſeveral Things only pledg'd for the Uſe of my Creditors.

If thou enquireſt of *Samuel Sheaf*, Stationer, in *Newgate-Street*, near the Bagnio, he will inform thee, I have paid him Twenty Pounds towards his Debt, ſince my being a Priſoner. And I could mention many more to whom I have paid Sums, all amounting to ſome Scores of Pounds, ſince a Priſoner, which I decline at preſent, leſt I might ſeem to boaſt, and ſhall proceed to ſome other Relations which are neceſſary to clear my Innocence, as an honeſt Man.

If

If thou enquireſt of *Henry Clements*, Bookſeller in *Paul's* Cathedral Yard, a Man of great Repute, for Honeſty, Sobriety, and worldly Subſtance, he will inform thee, of a particular Piece of Juſtice done by me to him, which I here inſert, and was as follows; After I was ſet up, an eminent Bookſeller in *Fleet-ſtreet* gave me a Printed Copy to reprint, telling me 'twas quite out of Print, and that no body would own it, and that he would be Partner with me in the Charge, as well as the Profit ariſing by ſuch Printing and Publication. This I readily agreed to, and when finiſh'd, ſent the Impreſſion to *John Morphew* an eminent Publiſher, near *Stationers-Hall*. A few Weeks after *H. Clements* meets me in *Fleetſtreet*, and taxes me with doing him wrong in printing a Copy that was his ſole Right. His Accuſation was no ſmall Surprize to me, who deſir'd, and had a Conſcience void of Offence towards all Mankind, and upon which I readily told him I abhorr'd a baſe Action, and that whenever he would pleaſe to demonſtrate to me That was his Copy, I would very willingly make him full Satisfaction. After this we parted, and I grew very uneaſy to think I had done any one wrong, tho' unwillingly, I went in a Day or two after to his Houſe to be ſatisfied, but finding him not at home, I went a ſecond Time, when his Spouſe happening to be abroad, with the Keys of the Eſcrutore, he could not then come at his writings; a little while after I call'd a third Time, when he ſhewing me the Title of that Book I had printed, amongſt many others made over to him in a Legal Form, I was well ſatisfied, and told him, I would relinquiſh all my Pretenſions to Paper and Print, and accordingly went forthwith to *John Morphew* and deſir'd him to make up the Account with *H. Clements*, for the Books did of Right belong to him, which he accordingly did. So far have I been from doing any one wrong willingly, that I have chus'd to wrong my ſelf, which I oftentimes have done, However my Friend *Clements* acted like a Man of great Honour and ſtrict Juſtice, for he not only employ'd me in Printing, but after he had made up Accounts with the Publiſher, contrary to my Expectation, made me a reaſonable Satisfaction towards the Charge I had been at on the aforeſaid Book, for which he may be juſtly accounted as *Rara avis in Terris*, &c.

Another Inſtance of my unſhaken Juſtice, among many, I could relate, I ſhall but here mention, A Friend ſince my being a Priſoner, had entruſted me with a Preſs and Letter, near the Value of Thirty Pounds, without any other Security from me, than my Sincere Honeſty, not ſo much as taking a Note of my Hand for it. It happ'd afterwards that when confin'd in the Gatehouſe, my Friend did no further aſſiſt me, and I was in the deepeſt of my Diſtreſs, as afore-mentioned, when *Freeman Collins*, Son to the late Deputy of that Name, with his Spouſe, came to me in the Priſon, in Order to buy the Materials, there ſeeming now no Likelihood of my ever being in a Capacity to uſe them again; and having told me ſeveral Times, he would give me their full Value, put ſix Guineas into my Hand as an Earneſt, entreating me as did his Wife, to take 'em as in Part, the Turnkey of the Priſon, and ſeveral Priſoners uſing many Arguments

ments with me to take the Money. Here was now a powerful Temptation to one not ſtock'd with uncommon Honeſty, conſidering I had not ſo much as One Farthing, no Food, or any one Friend that I knew could or would aſſiſt me, and in Expectation of being lock'd up in a Dungeon, for Nonpayment of what was due to the Priſon. Notwithſtanding all which, I could not be prevail'd on to keep the Money, but return'd it over and over, as it was put into my Hand. Amongſt the many Arguments made Uſe of, was this, That with that Money, I might remove my ſelf thence, and thereby work for my Friend, to make Satisfaction, but all were in vain, for I did not keep one Penny, tho' I knew not how ſo much as to get one Meal. So exactly ſcrupulous have I been, tho' thy Friends have ſo baſely abus'd me in my Character as an honeſt Man. I have been indeed an Inſtrument of Loſs to ſeveral of you; but 'tis the only Grief of my Soul, that I have been ſo. Never did any ſucking Babe more deſire the Breaſt, than I have and do, to perform the ſtricteſt Juſtice to all Mankind,

My Soul to Heaven makes daily Cry,
To act the Honeſt Part,
I Pray, *I* Pant, *I* Groan, *I* Sigh,
Till Heaven doth Means *impart.*

'Tis in vain, *Thomas*, to argue rationally with unreaſonable Perſons who are led by no higher Motives, than their own ſordid ſelfiſh Views; but I not only hope, but have Known better Things of thee: And ſhall now in the Face of GOD, Angels, and Men, declare, that will my Creditors but ſign me a Letter of Licenſe for Three Years, I will do the utmoſt for their Service. I do not propoſe to pay all my Debts in that Time, tho' I doubt not in the leaſt, to give a conſiderable Specimen to each of 'em, that *S. Keimer* has been moſt horribly and ſhamefully bely'd in his Character.

And here, *Thomas*, I can't but adore the Divine Wiſdom, in plucking me from the Jaws of Death and Hell in this Manner. What, tho' I am ſtript of my Skin, (my Reputation,) I am, bleſſed be his Name, eſcap'd with my Life, fleeing with all my Might, from the Ways of Sin, Satan, and all and every of his Deluſions.

To conclude; Whether thou wilt hear, or forbear, I have done my Duty. I know the Devil will do his utmoſt to keep the ſincere hearted Souls among you in his Deluſions. As to the Formaliſts, Will-worſhippers and Prophane, he has faſt hold on them: The ſincere-hearted he aims moſtly to deceive; like a Pyrate, who only car to catch a Ship richly laden, but an empty one he does not reg There were many of you, who being unbottom'd from the more g falſe Worſhip, tho' ignorant of the true ſpiritual one, became t many Proſelytes to that Satanical Appearance.

I have not the leaſt Anger againſt you, but deſire all your Welfare, as I do That of my own Soul, and would not have mention'd any of the Perſonal Vices of thoſe among you, but for the Glory of God, which

as

as they often were the ſole Effects of your Spirit, I thought it expedient to give a ſmall Specimen of its ſeveral ſorts of Fruits.

If *John Potter*'s Wrath ſhould be kindled againſt me, and he ſhould caſt me into cloſe Priſon, I ſhall do my utmoſt to return what HIS SOUL LOVETH; but let Him know, however his god may deceive him, MY GOD will not, nor cannot deceive me, but will avenge my Cauſe, in his own Time, in Oppoſition to the Infernal Agency of a Legion of Devils.

To the truly Spiritual among the People called Quakers.

FRIENDS,

TIS Highly expedient I addreſs my ſelf to You, in this Publick Way, that the Ways of the Holy One may not be evilly ſpoken of, by thoſe who have not the Fear of God before their Eyes.

I am well aware of the many Slanders I have, and am likely to meet with on this Occaſion, and amongſt the reſt, That my preſent Holy Profeſſion is and was taken up with a Deſign or View of my mending or enlarging my Temporal Affairs, than which nothing is more falſe; Know therefore, [that the Devil may be beat with his own Weapons] that I have long ſince reſolv'd, ſhould my Circumſtances be never ſo deplorable, not to receive the leaſt outward Comfort or Support from you, in my Troubles or to bring me thereout.

I am no *Shechemite*, nor do I want of Your *Basket*, or Your *Store*, my Soul abhorring any ſuch Baſeneſs, but I am one who in deep Sincerity of Soul, have been often ſeeking to the Lord, for the Knowledge of his Holy Truth, who has in his ſuper-abounding Grace diſcover'd the ſame to my Soul. Praiſes be ſang to his Name for evermore!

I Know the true Children and Followers of Chriſt *LOVE ONE ANOTHER*; it can't be otherwiſe; and as they are living Members of the ſame Body, ſo do they ſimpathize with, and bear a Part of the Grief of each other; the World thereupon falſely imagine that worldly Intereſt is the only Band that unites together, they themſelves witneſſing no other Leadings than to thoſe poor dirty nothing Enjoyments which are not worth a Chriſtian's common Concern. To You that are Spiritual, my *Dear Friends*, I now ſpeak, tho' I am unacquainted with ye, according to the Fleſh, yet has my Soul been ſprinkled with the precious Dews of Heaven, in your Aſſemblies. Tho' *Falſe Prophets* reproach and vilify, ſlander and oppoſe ye, my Soul is aſſur'd, *The Shout of a King*, at Times, *is among you*. 'Tis my moſt earneſt Deſire to walk in the Ways of Truth and Righteouſneſs; and I ſhould rejoyce might I break Bread among you; for I cannot be content to eat my Bread alone, but to diſtribute Freely and Liberally of the Portion intruſted with me, by my Heavenly Father. *For Sion's Sake I will not hold my Peace, and for Jeruſalem's Sake I will not*

be

be ſilent. My *Dear Friends*, with whom my Soul has true Unity, in the Bond of Peace, I want not in the leaſt, any Worldly Thing from you; No, I would avoid it as I would avoid ſo much Poyſon; I know the Deceits of Satan; I have ſeen the ſpecious Allurements of a deceitful World, and have drank of her Poyſons; I have wallowed in its Abominations when flatter'd by a falſe Spirit: But by mighty Grace, I am ſnatch'd as a *Brand from the Burning*. I am at preſent a Man by my ſelf, like a *Sparrow on the Houſe-Tops*, or a *Lodge in a Garden of Cucumbers*; thoſe about me gaze and wonder, they look upon me as a Stranger, I am unto them as a Barbarian; they underſtand not my Language; I am ſeeking a Country not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens, whither I am bound. I have had ſome Sips of the Kingdom Wine, and I long to partake thereof more abundantly.

If all my Creditors give me Time, as I hope they will, there now being but one that refuſes, as I know of, and That but for a ſmall Matter, I ſhall do my utmoſt for their Service, well knowing the Spirit of God is a Spirit of Wiſdom, and makes a Man wiſe even in his outward Affairs, tho' with ſweet Innocence.

If I cannot get hence, I ſhall rejoyce to have Communion with the truly ſpiritual among You, for as Fuel to a Fire makes it burn the ſtronger, ſo the Converſation of the Godly encreaſes Warmth and Vigour ſpiritually.

I have been truly and livingly concern'd for my former ſincere hearted Brethren who are ſtill wandering in worſe than *Egyptian* Darkneſs; there are ſeveral among them, who would embrace the Truth, did they but know it; if I ſhall be an Inſtrument of Service to any of 'em, I humbly hope I ſhall give God the Glory. There are others among 'em, that ſpeak reproachfully of the Ways of God and his People, who notwithſtanding the Flatteries of their Spirit, ſecretly practiſe and live in the moſt accurſed Abominations.

I have a Siſter now in a Miſſion to *Penſilvania*, in Order to propogate That *Spirit of Confuſion* and *Divination*; adviſe *Friends* to take Care of the Poyſon, for *Satan is gone forth to deceive the Nations, with great Wrath*.

My Soul bids You Farewell for this Time, in the ſtricteſt Bond of Divine Love.

S. Keimer.

The 7th of the
7th Month. 1718.